MARCH 24, 1958 ★
America's National Sports Weekly
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED





TRIPLE HEADER

Fight Preview
BASILIO VS. ROBINSON

Sporting Look
FAIRWAY FASHIONS

Baseball
APPOINTMENT IN CALIFORNIA





AVONDALE

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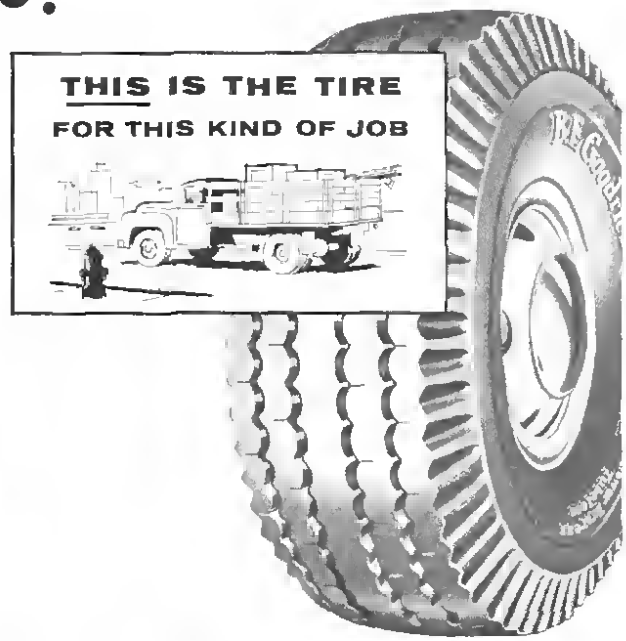
AVONDALE

Boy's shirt and shorts by **Hi-Line** in Cape Cord and Mignonne Chambray, McCall Pattern No. 4470. Man's pants and shirt in Sateen and English Shirting. Avondale cottons are guaranteed to be as represented. If for any reason you are not satisfied, we will replace or refund purchase price. Avondale Mills, Comer Building, Birmingham, Alabama.

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FOR any truck there may be a dozen or more different type truck tires that fit the wheels. The right tire may save you 50% on tire costs. The roads you travel, the loads you carry, truck speeds, even the section of the country in which you operate—all have a bearing on the choice of the right tire!

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Specify B. F. Goodrich Tubeless or tube-type tires when ordering new trucks or trailers

Your B. F. Goodrich dealer is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book

B.F.Goodrich truck tires



Knowledgeable people buy Imperial because they have an educated taste

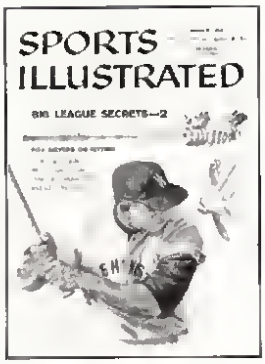
Whiskey by Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEY, 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL

Cover. Triple-header ▶

The ever-fresh variety of sport is reflected in our cover: a fighter's face at a crucial moment, a glimpse of fashion on the fairway and a rendezvous with baseball's destiny.

Next week



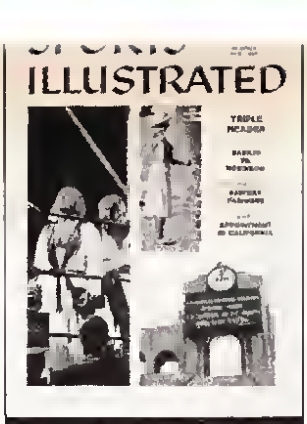
▶ Roy Sievers of the Senators, the American League's home run champion, talks about the fine art of hitting in the second of a five-part series on *Big League Secrets.*

▶ April's big international auto show in Manhattan focuses attention on the phenomenal rise of foreign car sales in the U.S. With pictures of the leading cars.

▶ Harry Sprague, young driving-range instructor, goes on the winter golf circuit. His delightful letters home have been intercepted by our Herbert Warren Wind.

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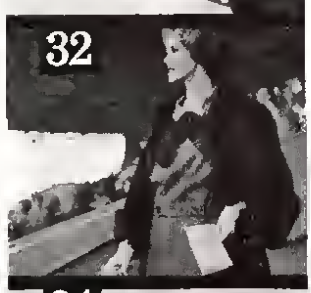
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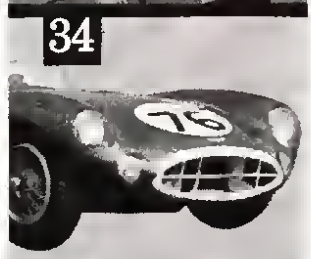


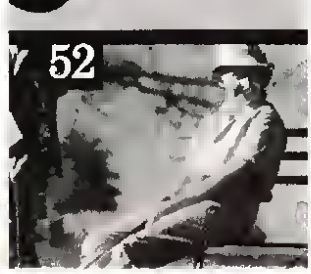












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men who care



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with Suave for Men—the only hairdressing that can't make hair greasy. It grooms more naturally, too... another reason why so many business leaders prefer Suave hairdressing. It's handier to use in the unbreakable squeeze flask. 60¢ and $1 plus tax.

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MEMO *from the publisher*


RAVIELLI

FOR any of us who need signposts to spring beyond the pages of the calendar and the smell of the air, there is help. There is, for example, the bright end of golf's winter tour and the beginning of its spring tour, The Masters at Augusta—as reliable a marker of the season as robins and rain.

So this will be a memo all about golf.

In next week's issue Artist Tony Ravielli describes the *Road to Augusta* with drawings from his winter tour sketchbook. This is a Ravielli readers have not seen before. In his drawings he comments on the atmosphere of sport and takes the scenic view—an approach which differs from his detailing last week of the mechanics behind Sal Maglie's *Art of Pitching* and his weekly rendering in *Tip from the Top* of a golf secret for easy visual analysis.

An artist endows a subject with a quality as personal as handwriting and as biased as an exclamation—and thus does things no photographer can. This is easier to see than to say. I hope you agree when you look at Ravielli's drawings of the tour.

But what a photographer can achieve with the subject of golf you will also have a chance to observe week after next in SPECTACLE. There John Zimmerman's camera catches The Masters, its crowds, its color and its heroes, including Demaret, Nelson and Snead—and its beloved host, Robert T. Jones Jr.

While on the subject of golf, it seems proper here to answer a question often asked lately: "Who is Barry Burn, the author of *On and Off the Fairway*"? now our monthly feature about the professional golf scene.

Well, Barry Burn is a highly split personality. He is, to tell the truth, a trio of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED golf writers. When these writers decided to sign themselves with a collective pseudonym, they thought of Barry Burn—the name of the brook (or, as Scotsmen say, "burn") which runs through the famed Carnoustie course, coiling back and forth across the 17th and 18th fairways, making Carnoustie's finish one of the toughest in the world of golf.


ZIMMERMAN

And Barry Burn, by the way, will be writing his next and now customary column in the April 7 issue.

Harry Phillips

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Jimmy Jemail's
HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *What is your favorite sport, and how much time do you devote to it?*



ARTHUR GODFREY
TV and radio entertainer

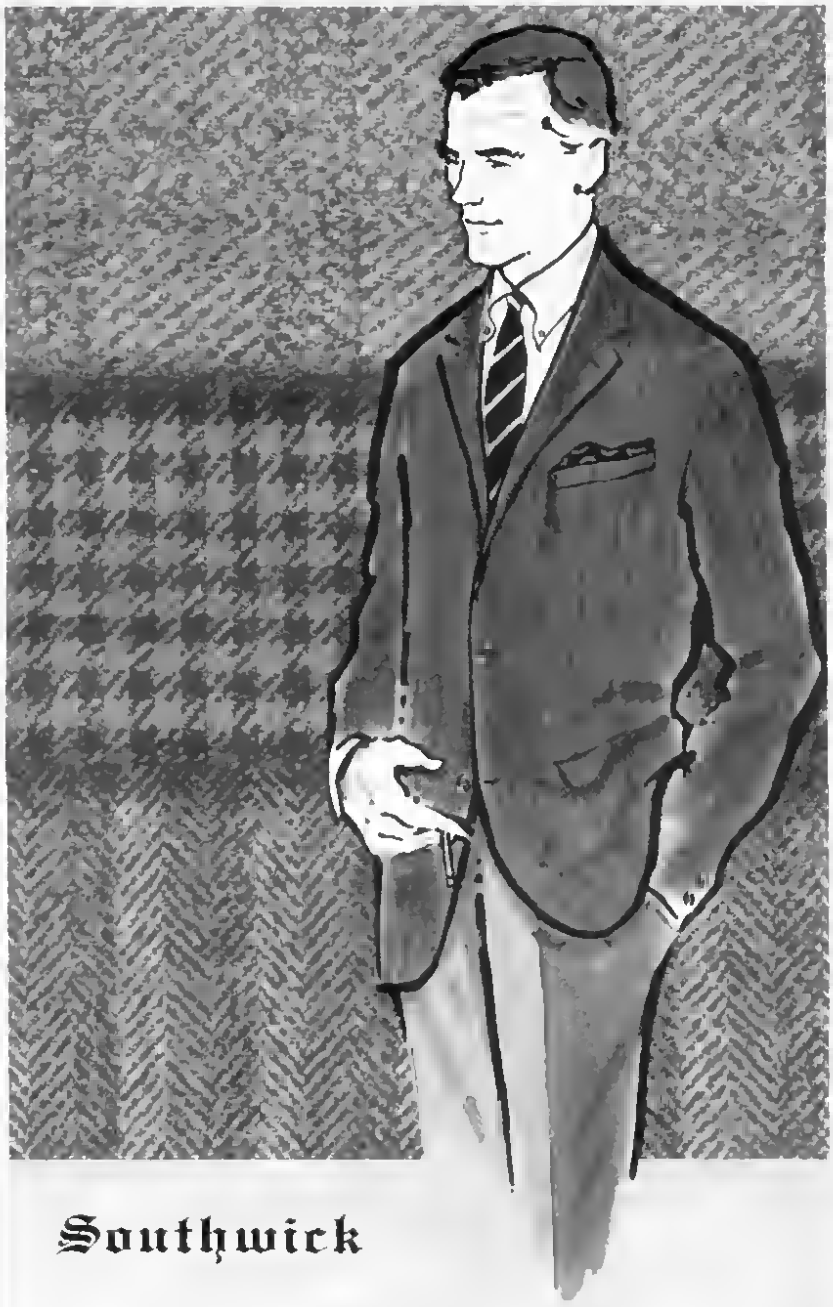
No real favorite, although I do get a great deal of pleasure from my horse Goldie and the other animals on my farm, including the two llamas. I divide my leisure time equally among flying, riding, hunting, boating and swimming—and Mrs. Godfrey. (She's a real sport.)



DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Independent movie producer

It used to be polo. Now it's croquet, and I play it nearly every weekend. The variation of the game we play requires both physical and mental concentration and therefore is fine open-air exercise and diversion. You'd be surprised how exciting and frustrating this game can be

continued



Southwick

Our new wafer-woo! jackets! The sport coat steps toward summer with coolness and lightness you never dreamed possible. Tailored of soft, phantomweight woolens with a touch like tropic cashmere. Gently patterned in Southwick's own subtle plaids and muted stripes. From $60.

Distinguished by this label at stores listed below: Southwick SUPERFLEX

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Columbus, O. ——— The Union
Dayton, O. ——— The Metropolitan Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich. MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Indianapolis, Ind. L. Strauss and Co.
Milwaukee, Wis. Silverstone's
Peoria, Ill. ——— Howard A. Heller
St. Louis, Mo. ——— Boyd's
Springfield, Ill. ——— Arch Wilson, Inc.

For other stores write Southwick, 200 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

Chicago and Detroit are getting the giant Britannia aircraft in April

Ever flown Jet-Prop?



Flying to Glasgow, London and Europe in a jet-prop airliner is different. 4 Engines start up with a hiss-s-s, which you hardly notice. Jet-prop means quiet, fast, vibrationless flying...with less fatigue!

By booking your seat today, you can be one of the first to enjoy *the world's fastest intercontinental jet-prop airliner.*

Beginning in April, BOAC's new, over-6-miles-a-minute, jet-prop Britannia will leave from Chicago and Detroit. (Daily after May 26.)

Onward connections for principal cities of Europe are made in London with another vibrationless jet-prop, the Viscount. And for the rest of the world, connections with BOAC Britannia to Africa, the Near and Far East, Australia, India and Japan.

De Luxe, First, Tourist and Economy Classes to choose from. *Reservations from your Travel Agent or the nearest BOAC office!*

World Leader in Jet Travel **B·O·A·C** *takes good care of you*

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DON McNEILL
Host of ABC
Breakfast Club

Comes the first blush of autumn, it's out in the field for pheasants. Comes the first breath of summer, it's the golf course. But come anytime—it's fishin' Canada for walleyes, Florida for bonefish and tarpon.



ED SULLIVAN
TV impresario

Ray Bloch, on our show, stays up all night playing pinochle. He claims that this weird diversion gives him a feeling of relaxation. I get the identical kick out of golf, although my love for the game is not reciprocated.



CLAYTON MOORE
TV's Lone Ranger

Gymnastics. Not only does this keep me physically and mentally fit, but the flying trapeze, the triple horizontal bar, hand-balancing and the trampolin are also a form of relaxation. I go through a workout every morning.



HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE JR.
Producer
20th Century-Fox

Croquet, but not the game you might imagine. This is a combination of English and roque, which my father helped to develop in the 1920s. It combines the physical attributes of tennis with the mental prowess of chess.



JIMMY DURANTE
Comedian

Horseback riding. I've done it since I was an amateur jockey. When I'm not in the saddle, I'm at the race track, where I run from the clubhouse to the $2 windows and back again. That gives me a lot of exercise, and I like those $2 guys.

continued

This is Arkansas...



Eddie Arcaro and Toots Shor at Hot Springs Country Club

Why Toots Shor and Eddie Arcaro Vacation in Arkansas

"You can fish, hunt, play golf—everything! And you've got this tremendous health resort, too—the finest in the world . . ." That's why Toots Shor, the famous New York restaurateur, spends his vacation in Arkansas—every year. He likes Hot Springs so much that he always brings other celebrities with him. This year it was Eddie Arcaro, one of the racing world's greatest jockeys. You'll enjoy a Hot Springs vacation, too . . . Bath House Row and its therapeutic thermal waters . . . thoroughbred horse racing at Oaklawn Park . . . a hundred-mile chain of lakes . . . year-round entertainment for every member of the family!

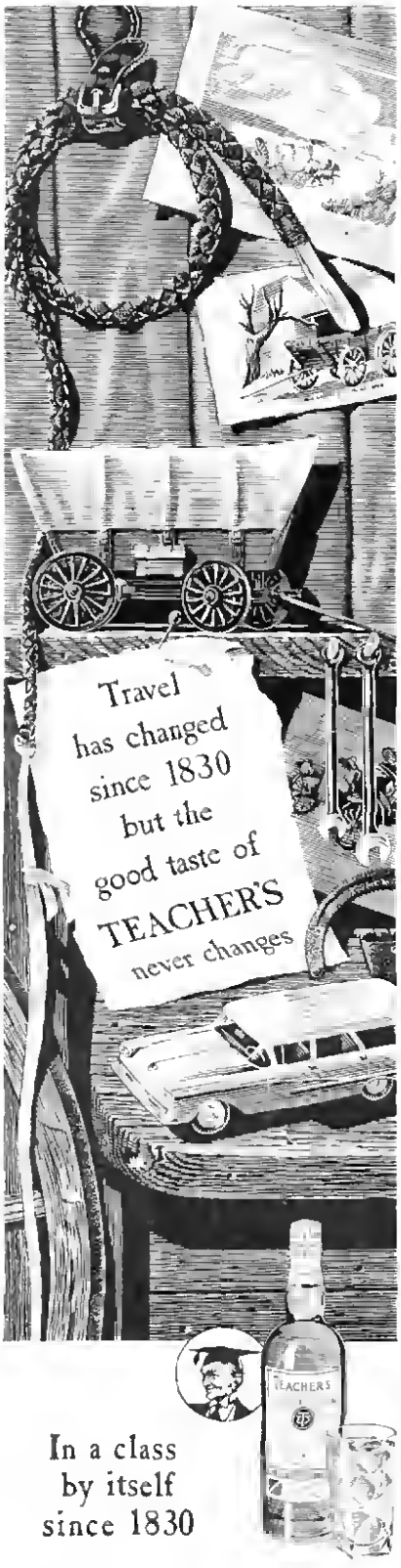
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BOB CONSIDINE
International News Service columnist

Golf is the one game I've been able to approach with complete confidence. I see in advance my Snead-like drives, my long Nelson-type irons, my superb putting. Then I tee off and, regretfully, I'm still me. A bum.



JACK BENNY
Comedian

Fooling around with figures and counting money. It's great exercise for the fingers. It's fascinating. With golf, the rain may ruin you. With my hobby, the sound of the rain seems, somehow, to blend with the hum of an electric computer.



PAT BOONE
Singer

Anything requiring physical competition really starts the adrenal glands working overtime. I get as excited over ping-pong and basketball at the Y as I do over baseball and a football scrimmage at the park.

CORRECTION

Five persons were incorrectly identified in the Feb. 24 HOTBOX. *Herewith, the right names with the right faces.*



DR. MAXWELL LAPHAM



JIM KELLY



DR. SIEGFRIED S. MEYERS



JOSEPH T. CASCARELLA



GEORGE F. CHAPLINE



ZERO KING

THE WEST WIND
breezes into Spring tailored in self-sealing SuPima—miracle cotton woven for Zero King—that *breathes* sun-dry air, seals out rain. Washable, in natural, white, & light blue. $11.00.

THE SWISSAIRE
knit waistband, cuffs and undersleeves give incredible freedom. Self-sealing SuPima takes to wind, rain or sun. Washable, too. Natural & white $20.00

al baskin
JOHN T. HILTON

Please send me SWISSAIRE Size
West Wind Size _____ Enclosed is
$_____ Check or Money Order
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

IT'S A FACT--

In 1957 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED had the largest growth in advertising pages of all magazines in America.

THERE'S A REASON--

Selling with sport is one of the most versatile and effective forces in contemporary American marketing.

. . .

For further information on how SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Midwest Regional Edition now concentrates this force on your best customers in six midwestern states, write or call: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 221 N. LaSalle St., Chicago 1, Ill.



ANNIE OAKLEY AT PEAK OF HER SUCCESS

Annie Was a Lady

Annie Oakley thrilled millions but never lost her feminine ways

THE "Champion Shot of the World" signaled for three glass balls to be thrown into the air, vaulted over a gun stand, grabbed a rifle, smashed all three descending targets and returned to her tent to darn her husband's socks. She was Annie Oakley, and she was one of the most charming ladies ever to invade a masculine field.

Born in 1860 in a shabby log cabin in Darke County, Ohio, Phoebe Anne Oakley Mozee, sixth of eight children, learned early about poverty, pain and a means to preserve the homestead. Her childhood is right out of an old-fashioned melodrama where the villain is easily recognized and hissed. Farmed out as hired help at the age of 9, she was cruelly exploited by a strict country couple who worked her from 4 in the morning until late at night, cooking, feeding the stock, milking cows and doing the general housework

continued



enjoy this spring in a ZERO KING

Both Jackets Available in Natural or White Color Order By Mail

THE WEST WIND breezes into Spring tailored in self-sealing SuPima—miracle cotton woven for Zero King—that *breathes* sun-dry air, seals out rain. Washable, of course, in neutrals or fancy-free colors. $14

THE SWISSAIRE swings into action with knit waistband, collar, cuffs and undersleeves giving incredible freedom. The rest is lustrous self-sealing SuPima that takes to wind, rain or sun. Washable too. $20

Howard A. Heller

HOTEL PÈRE MARQUETTE — PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Thompson the MORE Boat



More Speed...More Fun...More Safety

When you skipper a Thompson you get more of everything. More speed—because of Thompson's unequalled design. More fun—with sports car performance for cruising, skiing, fishing. More comfort—with big, roomy hulls. More safety—with Thompson Sea-Lap® construction and natural flotation. For even more—see your Thompson dealer.

Thompson BOATS

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RED CROSS

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ZERO KING

THE WEST WIND breezes into Spring tailored in self-sealing SuPima—miracle cotton woven for Zero King—that *breathes* sun-dry air, seals out rain. Washable, In Neutral, Gray & Light Blue $10.00

THE SWISSAIRE knit waistband, cuffs and undersleeves give incredible freedom. Self-sealing SuPima takes to wind, rain or sun. Washable, too. Neutral & light blue $20.00

DURKIN & DURKIN
13 N. Genesee, Waukegan, Illinois
Please send me Swissaire, Size_____or West Wind, Size_____ Enclosed is $_____Check or Money Order

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

for only 50¢ a week. This experience, which could embitter a young girl's attitude toward domestic life forever, worked the opposite with Annie Oakley. She liked housekeeping and sewing as much as she liked perforating a tossed card a half a dozen times before it fluttered to the ground.

Annie's father died when she was 4, but a remembrance of him hung high above the fireplace—a 40-inch cap-and-ball Kentucky rifle. At 7, with the help of her brothers, she pulled it down from the wall and fired it. The violent kick of the butt broke her nose, but the blow never discouraged her desire to shoot. Perfect aim came naturally to her. She learned to shoot quail, pheasants and rabbits with a single shot through the head. Before she was 16 years old she was supporting her poverty-stricken family with the game she brought home and with the money she received for game she shot for a hotel in Cincinnati.

Annie was locally recognized for her fine marksmanship, but the career that brought her world fame began in Cincinnati. On a visit to see her sister she was persuaded to compete in a match with a young Irishman, Frank Butler, who earned his living by trick shooting for the vaudeville circuits. Butler made the offer to take all comers with a purse of $100 as bait. Since he was an excellent marksman, he usually collected. But even then he was no challenge for Annie. Her perfect aim won the contest, and within a year Butler was so much in love with the small dark-haired girl that he asked her to marry him. From then on they were a team, traveling from town to town performing their shooting stunts.

Annie, 5 feet tall and weighing no more than 100 pounds, from the very start charmed the customers with her youth and ladylike manners. But they gaped when they saw her skill with rifles and shotguns. This fragile creature could roll a tin can along the ground with a tattoo of bullets from a pair of Colt double-action revolvers and slice the thin edge of a playing card at 30 paces. She could hit a dime tossed in the air, shoot from a bicycle or from a galloping horse, successfully aim looking through a mirror with her back to the target, and shoot equally well over either shoulder. With great agility she could perform a handspring and still grab a gun in time to explode a falling target before it landed.



enjoy this spring in a ZERO KING

. . . the mark of a complete wardrobe

THE WEST WIND breezes into Spring tailored in self-sealing SuPima—miracle cotton woven for Zero King—that *breathes* sun-dry air, seals out rain. Washable, in neutrals or fancy-free colors. About $14.

THE SWISSAIRE swings into action with knit waistband, cuffs and undersleeves giving incredible freedom. The rest is lustrous self sealing SuPima that takes to wind, rain or sun. Washable, too. About $20.

the Wm. H. Block Co.
INDIANAPOLIS

IF

If everyone had a health checkup every year, cancer's toll could be cut in half.

Your doctor would have a chance to detect cancer at an early stage, when chances for cure are more favorable.

See your doctor. Soon.

And give generously to the American Cancer Society. Now.

Fight cancer with a checkup and a check

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

In the early '80s, when Annie performed in St. Paul, Sitting Bull saw her and was so impressed by her fantastic marksmanship that he adopted her as his daughter, giving her the name of Little Sure Shot. Later, in the spring of 1885, Sitting Bull and the Butlers were invited to join Buffalo Bill Cody and his Original Wild West Show of some fame. In a short time Annie was its star. She shot cigarets from Butler's mouth with a .22 and she perfected a trick of hitting a ball flying at the end of a string around her husband's head. Two years later the show played at London's Earl's Court, where Annie astonished a small first-night audience by galloping in on a horse, then leaning from the saddle to snatch a pistol from the ground to shatter in rapid succession a series of flying targets. When word spread about this remarkable girl, and her prowess with rifle and pistol, the show was jammed nightly.

WHEN ROYALTY PAYS TRIBUTE

The Prince of Wales (later Edward VII), completely enamored of her, introduced her to European society. Queen Victoria commanded two private performances, and Annie won the admiration of Grand Duke Michael of Russia when she outmatched him in a contest. In Paris the King of Senegal watched her act and ran up to Buffalo Bill with 100,000 francs in his hand, offering to buy her to protect his people from the vicious lions that roamed through the countryside. In Germany the young Wilhelm Hohenzollern insisted on being part of a stunt in which Annie shot the ashes off a cigaret that he held between his lips.

At the peak of her success, Annie was a romantic heroine to thousands of men who loved her for her daring, her beauty and her spirit. They wrote her love letters; they loudly cheered the buckskinned little figure who always curtsied to them timidly at each show. The night in 1901 when Annie announced her retirement from the Wild West show, her friends protested. However, she and Butler boarded the show train for what they believed to be the last time. The train rushed toward the show's winter quarters, and then crashed headlong into another train. Four people were killed and at least a hundred were injured. Annie was pulled unconscious from the wreckage by Butler.

continued

NEW DIRECTION FOR COCKTAIL CONNOISSEURS...



AALBORG HAS BEEN ADDED

Aalborg Akvavit . . . the captivating, caraway-flavored spirit from Denmark . . . is no stranger to these shores. Americans have long enjoyed Aalborg the traditional Danish way — direct from the ice-chilled bottle, often chased by a zesty beer.

Lately, however, Aalborgites have sought and found new horizons. The Aalborg Martini has definitely arrived. So has the Aalborg Bloody Mary. A few other tantalizing newcomers also show promise of staying. Among them — Aalborg-and-Tonic, Aalborg-on-the-Rocks, Danish Screwdrivers (a fascinating new twist).

As the perfect complement to Smorgasbord, or to most any bill of fare, delightful Aalborg makes a delicious difference. Ask for Aalborg Akvavit post haste at your nearest package store, or at the better bars and restaurants around town.

BRIONES & CO., INC., NEW YORK 4, N. Y. • 90 PROOF — 100% POTATO NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Rainfair... your light-as-a-feather, go-everywhere coat



CAMPUS—Handsome as a sportscoat. Fine combed cotton gabardine, patch pockets, ticket pocket and colorful plaid lining. Zelan water-repellent. $23.95

There's a perfect style, perfect fabric, perfect weight just for you.

Weather never troubles the man in a RAINFAIR coat. This is the coat for brisk, bright, or rainy days. The season's favorite is *Campus*. There's jaunty, youthful dash in the fashionable, knee length. You'll welcome the handsome good looks, distinctive fabrics and luxury tailoring you get from RAINFAIR.



HIGHLANDER — Lightweight, weather proof, casually comfortable. Favorite style with authentic semi-bal collar and raglan sleeves. Fine combed cotton gabardine. Sanforized. Zelan water-repellent. Handsome plaid lining. $23.95

GLOBETROTTER—*Most practical raincoat!* And so handsome! 100% Sheen-Dacron. 100% waterproof 100% wash and wear. Unconditionally guaranteed! Won't stick, crack, harden, peel. Zipper carrying case. $14.95



Dress right . . . you can't afford not-to!

Rainfair

Rain-topcoats — important part of every man's wardrobe. At fine stores everywhere. Write for name of nearest dealer.

RAINFAIR, INC., Racine, Wisconsin

The result was partial paralysis. Seventeen hours after the accident her hair turned white. Two years later and after five operations, not only was Annie able to hold a gun in her hands again but remarkably she soon had regained her ability to hit coins and marbles on the fly, and finally, to repeat her wonderful trick in which she used three double-barreled shotguns to burst six balls, sprung simultaneously from traps, before they landed.

LADY IN RETIREMENT

She was soon able to travel the vaudeville circuits again, but in 1916 she decided to quit show business and retire to the Carolina Hotel at Pinehurst, N.C. Here Butler managed the skeet range and Annie gave shooting lessons to fashionable ladies. Asked why she gave up the excitement of the arena for this, she replied, "Because I made hay in the heyday of my youth, and felt that I earned a change. Why am I teaching ladies to shoot? Well, that is my pleasure for which there is no charge or compensation on my part."

During World War I Annie packed her buckskin costumes and went on the road again to Army camps around the country. She gave exhibitions with the same spirit and skill that had made her world famous. Four years after the war an automobile accident sent her back to the hospital with all the hopeless signs that she might be an invalid again. The following year, however, she broke a gun club record when she neatly picked off 98 out of 100 clay pigeons.

Annie died in 1926 in Dayton, Ohio, where she and Butler had decided to spend their old age together. Butler died, brokenhearted, 18 days later. But even before her death Annie had become a legend and a part of American folklore. Will Rogers called her "a greater character than she was a rifle shot." She had an indomitable spirit which enabled her to override poverty and hardship as a child, and the pain she suffered as a woman. Today she is still the most outstanding woman "shootiste" (as she was billed) that this country has ever seen. Actor Fred Stone wrote in his autobiography 20 years after her death, "There was never a sweeter, gentler, more lovable woman than Annie Oakley."

—SHERRY KEEN

THE WEST WIND breezes into Spring fabulously tailored in self-sealing SuPima—miracle cotton woven expressly for Zero King—that *breathes* sun-dry air, seals up tight at the first drop of rain. Washable, of course, in neutrals or fancy-free colors. About $14

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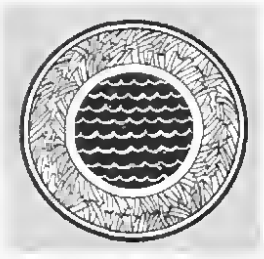
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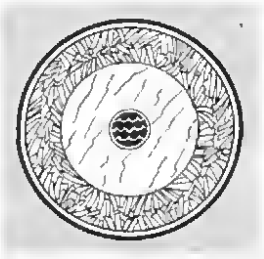
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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

RECORD BREAKERS—RON DELANY, running like a barefoot man on a hot tar road, whirled through 58.4 final quarter to set new world indoor record at 4:03.4 for mile (March 14), .2 better than Gunnar Nielsen's old mark (*see below*). Said Ron: "People expected me to break the record all year. I am not a machine. I can't be turned on and off. I just felt good at the end of three-quarters and I decided I could do it."

ST LOUIS BUDWEISERS, rolling team series of 3,858, broke 21-year-old mark of Math Hermanns by 61 pins at St Louis (March 12). Team consisted of Don Carter (754), Tom Hennessey (759), Ray Bluth (834), Dick Weber (775), Pat Patterson (736).

TIM JECKO, studious Yale junior, churned through 200-yard butterfly in 2:06.4 to create new collegiate record at Annapolis (March 14). Jecko, teammate Roger Anderson won three titles apiece as Yale took eight of 16 championships at Eastern Intercollegiate League meet.

EDDIE SOUTHERN, Texas University's big runner, ripped off 46.2 quarter-mile to tie Herb McKenley's collegiate mark at Fort Worth (March 15). Southern also ran brilliant 45.8 anchor leg on mile-relay team.

INTERNATIONAL EVENTS—SOVIET-AMERICAN competition this year in free-style wrestling, weight lifting, basketball, track has been virtually assured. Russia will compete in wrestling at Norman, Okla. April 11; at Stillwater, Okla. April 12; at Tulsa April 15, with fourth match pending. Weight-lifting matches are scheduled for Chicago May 12, New York May 16. American men's, women's basketball teams will play six games in Soviet Union, two each in Moscow, Leningrad, Tbilisi between April 26 and May 4. An American track team of 44 men, 20 women will compete in 32 events in Moscow, July 27–28.

BASKETBALL—TEMPLE, KANSAS STATE, KENTUCKY, SEATTLE won way into semi-finals of NCAA tournament (*see page 44*) by winning regional titles. Temple, paced by Guy Rodgers, Mel Brodsky, Pickles Kennedy and stoop-shouldered rebounder Jay Norman, outshot Dartmouth 69–50 at Charlotte, N C. for 25th straight win, will meet Kentucky, which routed Notre Dame 89–56 at Lexington, Ky. as Ed Beck contained Tom Hawkins to paltry 15 points. At Lawrence, Kans., Kansas State defeated Oklahoma State 69–57, as Cowboys were unable to cope with high and mighty front line of Bob Boozer, Jack Parr and Wally Frank, earned right to face Seattle, which narrowly beat California 66–62 at San Francisco, with Elgin Baylor, Sweet Charlie Brown leading way.

TENNESSEE STATE successfully defended NAIA tournament title, defeating Western Illinois, which had won 27 in row, 85–73 at Kansas City. Dick Barnett, who scored 31 points for victors, was voted tourney's most valuable player.

BOXING—SUPREME COURT agreed to hear appeal of IBC (James D. Norris, president), co-defendants in antitrust conspiracy suit which Government won last March in lower court. Before court finally decides fate of Jim Norris and his friends (unlikely before next fall), briefs will be filed, arguments heard. Meanwhile, IBC will be carrying on business as usual at same old dubious stand.

TONY ANTHONY, slender Harlem light heavyweight, punching wisely and well, survived first-round knockdown (more a push, actually) to belabor hardy Yvon Durelle with artful flurries, floor him for two-count in sixth, triumph on TKO in seventh at New York as Referee Ruby Goldstein intervened (*see below*).

HOLLY MIMS, wily Washington, D.C. middleweight recently returned to wars, dumped high-riding Spider Webb for nine-count in sixth round at Fort Wayne, Ind., boxed way to unanimous upset decision.

ART ARAGON, bumptious Los Angeles Golden Boy, came back to Hollywood Legion Stadium after 15 months of legal difficulties, imitated action of tiger often enough despite professed lack of condition to bounce Chico Vejar off canvas for one-count in sixth, win 10-round decision.

PETE RADEMACHER, presumptuous businessman-boxer, challenged winner of April 9 Eddie Machen-Zora Folley fight to "prove myself, beyond the shadow of a doubt, a logical and fitting contender for the heavyweight title of the world." Added Pete: "If I am victorious, it will settle the hash and rehash of individual and collective opinions, somewhat warped through tradition. Being a businessman, however, I would only, naturally, take this gamble, if it is such, with a reasonable guarantee."

HORSE RACING—MRS. ETHEL D. JACOBS' salmon and emerald silks were borne triumphantly on both coasts. On closing day of Santa Anita meeting, PROMISED LAND, top-weighted 4-year-old gray, outrun in first mile and half on Down Hill turf course, swung wide on far turn, collared Solid Son in stretch under Ismael Valenzuela's left-handed whipping to score three-quarter-length victory over strong-finishing Tall Chief II in $116,100 San Juan Capistrano Handicap. At Bowie, PAPER TIGER, chubby 7-year-old brown son of Stymie, came on resolutely in stretch beneath Jockey Howard Grant's flagging like his daddy used to do, to easily withstand challenge of Mr. Turf, win $28,450 Bowie Handicap by two lengths.

ROUND TABLE, Kerr Stable's big mahogany bay, with Jockey Wilbe Harmatz merely along for ride, swept by struggling Meeting at top of stretch to win mile-and-16th Challenge Purse, prep to this week's Gulfstream Handicap, in track-record 1.41⅘.

SKIING—NIKOLAI KAMENSKI soared 219 feet 10 inches, 223 feet 1 inch before 100,000 to win Holmenkollen special jumping event at Oslo, gave Russia first major jump title.

continued

accent on the deed . . .



BUSTLING by Burr Grim and about to overtake Phil Coleman is Ron Delany. Two laps later he set indoor record of 4:03.4 for mile.



BULGING bicep of Floyd Patterson is appraised by wife Sandra aboard *Saxonia*. Heavyweight champ's off to England for exhibition bout.



BUTTING in between Tony Anthony (*left*), Yvon Durelle is Ref Ruby Goldstein as he stops fight, awards Anthony TKO in seventh.

SCOREBOARD *continued*

HOCKEY—DENVER, which had been beaten by North Dakota three times in four meetings during seasonal play, scored three goals in third period to rout Nodaks 6–2, win NCAA championship at Minneapolis.

CANADIENS, despite fresh incapacitations (Jacques Plante, Tom Johnson, Dollard St. Laurent), won three of four, including victory over New York, which teetered on brink of clinching second, with pleasant prospect of avoiding awesome Habs in Stanley Cup first round.

BASEBALL—NEW YORK YANKEES got their innings in against Milwaukee Braves six sour months too late, winning 4–1 at St. Petersburg. NEIL CHRISLEY became latest phenom to appear on grapefruit circuit, slamming three home runs off good Detroit pitchers as Washington won 10–6 at Orlando. Williams-less Boston (5–2), San Francisco (5–1) led Meaningless League standings.

GOLF—DOUG FORD, rapid-playing pro from Mahopac, N.Y., emerged from season-long slump, gained tie for fifth in rain-delayed New Orleans Open (won by Billy Casper in sudden-death playoff with Ken Venturi), scored 10-under-par 278, aided by 55-foot putt on 72nd hole, won Pensacola Open.

BEVERLY HANSON, 33-year-old Indio, Calif. pro, kept herself warm with woolen long-johns, tapped out 72-hole total of 299, won Women's Titleholders championship at Augusta, Ga. *(see below)*.

MILEPOSTS HONORED—BILL TALBERT, U.S. Davis Cup captain (1953–57), awarded Mary Chess Trophy as "America's most distinguished tennis ambassador", in New York.

BORN—TO LEW HOAD, costly principal in Jack Kramer's road show, and wife Jennifer, their second child, second daughter (weight 7 pounds 12 ounces), at Melbourne.

DIED—LEON CADORE, 66, former Brooklyn pitcher, who dueled with Boston's Joe Oeschger throughout 26 futile innings (contest ended in 1–1 tie after 3 hours 50 minutes of play on account of darkness), at Boston, May 1, 1920, of cancer, at Spokane.

FOR THE RECORD

BOXING—*JOEY LOPES, 10-round decision over Jimmy Carter, lightweights, Sacramento*
TONY DI BIASE, 10-round decision over Peter Schmidt, welterweights, New York
ARCHIE MOORE, 7-round TKO over Bob Albright (nontitle), Vancouver, B.C.
CHARLES HUMEZ, 10-round decision over Gustav Scholz, middleweights, Paris

DOG SHOW—*CH. EVENING STAR DE LUCHAR, Skye terrier, Glamoor Kennels, New York, Best-in-Show, National Capital KC show, Washington, D.C., Harrisburg KC show, Harrisburg, Pa.*

GOLF—*JOE TAYLOR, South Charleston, W. Va., with 279 for 72 holes, Gulf Coast Invitational, Gulfport, Miss.*
MARILYNN SMITH, Wichita, Kans., with 299 for 72 holes, Jacksonville women's open, Jacksonville, Fla.

HOCKEY—*MOSCOW over U.S., 2–1, 5–3, Moscow*
DULUTH, Minn. over Brookline, Mass., 6–2, National Peewee championships, Lake Placid, N.Y.

HORSE RACING—*VINO SUPREMO, $20,000 Albany H., 5½ f., by length, in track-record 1:04, Golden Gate. Alex Maese up.*
BETTER BEE, $16,175 Appleton H., 9 f., by head, in 1:47⅘, Gulfstream. Sammy Boulmetis up.
TERRANG, $28,100 San Bernardino H., 1⅛ m., by photo, in 1:42, Santa Anita. Bill Boland up.

RACQUETS—*G. W. T. ATKINS, New York, over Jack Johnson, 17–14, 15–5, 15–12, singles title, North American Open, Chicago.*

SHOOTING—*U.S. AIR FORCE ACADEMY over U.S. Naval Academy, 1,439–1,436, rifle meet, Annapolis, Md.*

SKIING *(National Alpine Championships, Ogden, Utah)*
FRANK BROWN, Boulder, Colo., combined title.
BILL SMITH, Hanover, N.H., downhill title.
CHUCK FERRIES, Aspen, Colo., slalom title.
BEVERLY ANDERSON, Mullan, Idaho, women's downhill, slalom, combined titles.

SQUASH RACQUETS—*DIEHL MATEER JR., JOHN HENTZ, Philadelphia, over Dr. Paul Steele, William Danford, 11–15, 15–8, 15–13, 12–15, 15–4, National doubles championship, Baltimore.*

TENNIS—*PANCHO GONZALES over Lew Hoad, 3 matches to 1. Hoad leads pro tour 20–13 (Altamira Cup tournament, Caracas)*
BUDGE PATTY, Los Angeles, over Luis Ayala, 6–3, 12–10, 3–6, 4–6, 6–3, men's title.
ALTHEA GIBSON, New York, over Maria Ester Bueno, 6–1, 4–6, 9–7, women's title.

WRESTLING—*CORNELL, with 64 points, Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling Association tournament title, Pittsburgh.*



BALANCING on horizontal bars is Myra Perkins, 21, of Indianapolis, who was named "most promising woman gymnast of year."



BLASTING her approach shot to 18th green in third round of Women's Titleholders at Augusta, Ga. is eventual winner Bev Hanson.

faces in the crowd . . .



NANCY O'CONNELL, pert 17-year-old Chicagoan, defeated Bonnie Mencher 6–8, 6–3, 6–1 for national women's indoor tennis title at Brookline, Mass. Nancy also teamed with Carol Hanks, 14, for doubles crown.



MARTY (SLATS) MARION, printing company contact man, who was paid about $35,000 last year for *not* managing the Chicago White Sox, agreed to coach the Concordia Seminary (St. Louis) ball team—for nothing.



NORTHRUP KNOX, 29-year-old Yale graduate from Buffalo, made sound use of youth, racket control to retain U.S. amateur court tennis title, beating Alastair B. Martin, 43, 4–6, 6–1, 6–1, 6–3, at Philadelphia.



EVA KOCZIAN of Hungary won the women's singles title in the 18-nation European table tennis championships at Budapest, besting Britain's blond and dashing 19-year-old Ann Haydon in finals, three games to two.



TEX WINTER, imaginative 36-year-old Kansas State coach, was voted College Basketball Coach of Year by United Press. Blessed with three agile big men, Winter led Wildcats to 20–3 season record, Big Eight title.



JIMMIE DANKIELS, a *5-foot 11-inch South* Dakota senior from Brooklyn, poured in 46 points to spark Coyotes to 75–53 victory over St. Michaels (Vermont) in NCAA small college tournament at Evansville, Ind.



FRANK PARISI, a senior from Guttenberg, N.J., captained Columbia to three-weapon title in Intercollegiate Fencing tournament at New York, despite loss of injured NCAA épée champion, Jim Margolis.

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*Prices slightly higher some areas

Admiral

SNOW PATROL

Skiing across the country: reports through the preceding weekend

East

Vermant: Storm brought foot and a half of powder snow to entire state. Season should last till May in high areas.
STOWE, Mt. Mansfield Ski Club races attracted 124 contestants in cold wintry weather LO 56 SN 10, CR 4,000.
BIG BROMLEY. Fred Pabst considering development of north side of mountain. UP 82, LO 45, CR 2,000.
MOUNT SNOW. Easter week reservations heaviest of season. UP 112, LO 63, CR 5,500.
JAY PEAK. Plans announced for $150 000 chair lift. Free baby-sitting service for housewives on Tuesdays. UP 90, CR 500.
HOGBACK. UP 60, LO 30. SN 14, CR 1,000.

Massachusatts: Foot of heavy powder over corn snow made fine spring skiing. Roads clear.
JIMINY PEAK. Huge Sunday morning pancakes are canteen specialty. UP 40. LO 20.
BOUSQUETS. Indoor swimming pool makes Eastover popular resort here. UP 46. CR 900.

New York: Some ski areas, barely recovered from earlier storms, were buried again under 18 inches of powder.
WHITEFACE. Top winter skiing conditions all over mountain. Some lodges full till mid-April, but reservations available in Lake Placid. UP 63. SN 17. CR 1,000.
LAKE PLACID. Hotel Marcy offering all-expense weeks at $59.50. UP 45, CR 2,000.
BEARPEN. Still shoveling out. UP 134.
BELLEAYRE. LO 24. SN 18. CR 2 500.
GREEK PEAK. UP 40, LO 20. CR 1,000.
SNOW RIDGE. Area had good spring skiing. UP 30, SN 4. CR 1 000.

New Hampshire: Major storm brought three feet of snow and bad driving conditions.
SUNAPEE. Area dug out by end of weekend. UP 70, LO 20. CR 1,000.
BELKNAP. Crowd of 500 here for carnival of Eastern Interclub Ski League of Boston.
WILDCAT. American Inferno scheduled March 29 or 30 at Tuckerman Ravine. UP 125. LO 93. CR 500.
CRANMORE. Area attracting midweek skiers. UP 90. LO 38, CR 1 500.
CANNON. Eastern Alpine combined title won by James Laird, 20, of Montpelier, Vt.

Pennsylvania: LAUREL. UP 45. CR 630.

Quebec: MONT TREMBLANT. Skiing excellent and all trails open. UP 55. SN 10, CR 1,000.
STE. AGATHE. Conditions excellent. UP 44, LO 38. CR 2,000.
MOUNT ROYAL. Skiers out in force after snowstorm. UP 35, SN 15, CR 4,000.
LAC BEAUPORT. Skiing good on granular surface. UP 44, SN 10, CR 2,000.

Midwest

Michigan: PORCUPINE MT. Fresh snow brought fine powder skiing over weekend. Hart skis with Cubco bindings are popular. UP 18, SN 8, CR 700.
BOYNE MT. Area had fine spring skiing. UP 60, LO 20, CR 600.

Wisconsin: SHELTERED VALLEY. Good spring skiing on 6 to 12 inch base. SN 3.

West

Colarada: ASPEN. Skiing conditions excellent. New style in ski headgear is straw Gondolier hat imported from Venice. UP 61, LO 28, CR 2,700.
STEAMBOAT SPRINGS. Lions Club races dominated by Loris Werner of skiing Werners. UP 35, CR 3,000.
ARAPAHOE BASIN. New baby Poma especially popular with small fry. Midwest ski groups descending on area for spring skiing. UP 65.
WINTER PARK. Junior racers prepping here for nationals March 20–23, find excellent conditions. UP 48, SN 8, CR 1,500.

Idaha: Dry powder snow and cold weather kept skiing conditions excellent.
SUN VALLEY. National Veterans race here March 22 23 expected to draw top ski competition. UP 63, LO 56, SN 4, CR 700.
LOOKOUT PASS. Powder experts thronging to area from all Northwest. Roads into area good. UP 104, CR 550.
PAYETTE LAKES. Eddie Ward selected to represent Pacific Northwest in both national Alpine and Nordic juniors. UP 56.

Utah: Fresh cover of powder settled fast.
ALTA. Group of 65 skiing Los Angeles doctors here to discuss medical problems and deep-snow technique. UP 123, SN 11.
BRIGHTON. Wet and heavy new snow packed well to provide excellent skiing for large ski crowd. UP 127, LO 117, SN 12, CR 3,000.
SNOW BASIN. Stan Harwood, U. of Colorado, won giant slalom, Frank Brown, U. of Colorado, Alpine combined, and Beverly Anderson of Mullan, Idaho took women's Alpine combineti in nationals.

Mantana: Cold weather held snow.
BIG MT. Skiing excellent. Sno-Cats operating to top of mountain. Over 100 skiers from Calgary, Alberta here learn *Wedeln* from Hinderman Ski School. UP 84, SN 4.
BRIDGER BOWL. Best dry powder of year here. Avalanche school for ski patrol well attended. UP 72, SN 16, CR 575.

New Maxica: TAOS. Taos Cup ski races to be held March 23. LO 72, SN 37, CR 400.

Far West

Califarnia: Heaviest snowfall of the winter had all Sierra ski resorts digging out and area men looking forward to long season.
SUGAR BOWL. Vanderbilt Memorial collegiate meet scheduled March 21–23. Ski jumping events at Granlibakken. UP 210, SN 24, CR 1,200.
SQUAW VALLEY. Excellent deep-powder skiing on KT 22, site of Olympic slalom. SN 48, CR 1,000.
HEAVENLY VALLEY. Area crew worked all night to clear access road for weekend crowd. Stein Eriksen ski school will operate till April 13. UP 150, SN 30, CR 800.

Nevada: RENO SKI BOWL. Some avalanche danger and skiers warned to stay on marked trails. UP 180, SN 48, CR 800.

Oragan: Cold weather held excellent powder snow conditions in southern part of state, while sunny days make fine corn snow in west.
MT. HOOD. Skiing very good on hard pack. SPOUT SPRINGS. Chains required to reach area. Skiing good. UP 78, LO 66, CR 500.

Washington: A cold, dry week brought spring corn snow to all areas.
MOUNT SPOKANE. Touring parties skiing entire mountain. UP 126, LO 72. CR 600.
STEVENS. Trails of Barrier Face have excellent powder. UP 140, LO 118, SN 7, CR 900.

Alberta: MT. NORQUAY. Skiing very good. UP 27, SN 5.
MT. TEMPLE. Skiing excellent. UP 50, SN 5.



GIANT SLALOM WINNER STAN HARWOOD FINISHES IN HEAVY STORM AT SNOW BASIN

Check resorts for late condition changes
UP—*inches of snow on upper slopes and trails*
LO—*inches of snow on lower slopes and trails*
SN—*inches of snowfall last week*
CR—*ski crowd last Saturday*

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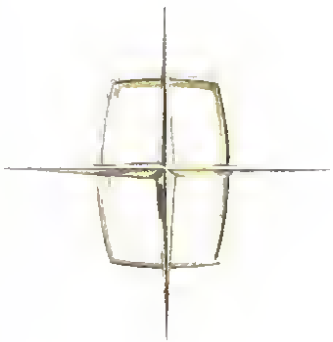
Cover—Hy Peskin, Richard Meek, Phil Both 4—right Walter Daran; 7—Chicago Daily News, A P, I N P 8—A P, U P, right, U P I N P, Tony Triolo U P 12 John Gerard 10—Ralph Collins—Ogden Standard Examiner 14—N R Farbman—LIFE 15—I R Eyerman—LIFE 18—I N P 26–28—*drawings by Ajay* 29—A P 30, 31—U P I N P, Neil Clemans—Los Angeles Mirror News; 35—Normand Menard, T C March, G Mantovani 36—G Montovani 42—Proyect Film 45—Richard Clarkson 49—Farrell Grehan 50—Fons Iannelli Pix, 52—top Lester Kraus 60, 61—maps by William Bernstein 63—Neil Clemans Los Angeles Mirror News, 67—Ralph Crane—LIFE 69, 70—A P 76—U P



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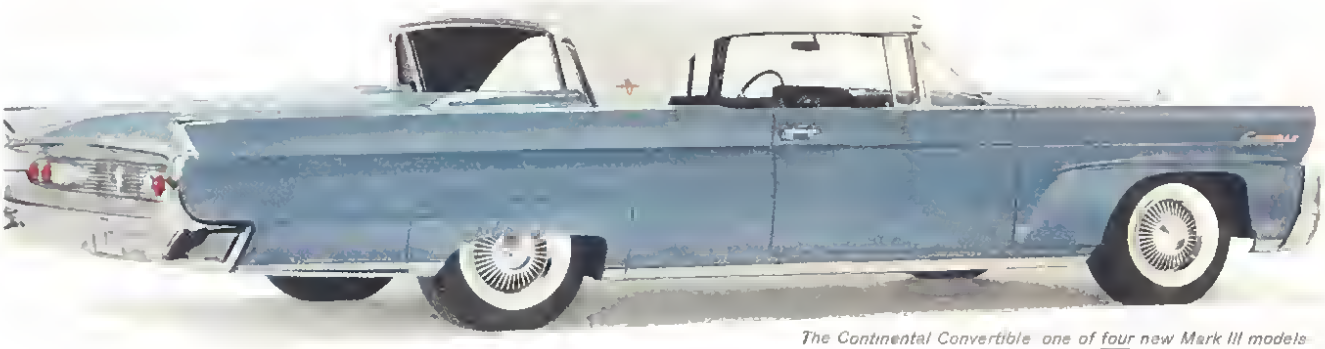
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COMING EVENTS

March 21 to 30

● *Television*
★ *Color television*
■ *Network radio*
All times listed E S T, except where otherwise noted

Friday, March 21

BASKETBALL
National Women's Basketball Assn Tournament, Kansas City, Kans (through March 23). (Leading college games)
NCAA Tournament semifinals, Louisville (also finals, March 22)

BOXING
● Isaac Logart vs Virgil Akins, welterweight
■ elimination bout, 12 rds, Mad Sq Garden, New York, 10 p m (NBC)

FENCING
National Collegiate Fencing Championships, Lubbock, Texas (also March 22)

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs Gonzales, Little Rock, Ark

TRACK & FIELD
Cleveland Knights of Columbus Meet, Cleveland

Saturday, March 22

AUTO RACING
■ Florida International 12 Hour Grand Prix of Endurance, Sebring, Fla (CBS) *

BASKETBALL
(Leading college games)
● National Invitation Tournament finals, Mad Sq Garden, New York, 4:30 p m (CBS).
(Professional)
● Second day, NBA division playoffs, sites and teams to be determined, 2 p m. (NBC, also March 23, 25, if necessary, March 27, 29 and 30)

GOLF
● All Star Golf, Billy Casper vs Jay Hebert, Palm Springs, Calif, 4 p m in each time zone (ABC)

HOCKEY
Boston at Montreal
● Chicago at Detroit, 2 p m (CBS)
New York at Toronto

HORSE RACING
Gulfstream Park Handicap, $100,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1¼ m, Gulfstream, Fla
The Governor's Gold Cup, $30,000, 3-yr-olds, 7 furlongs, Bowie, Md

HUNT RACING
Stonybrook Hunt Races, Southern Pines, N C

LACROSSE
Mt Washington Lacrosse Club vs Maryland, Baltimore

SKIING
National Veterans Downhill and Slalom Championships, Sun Valley, Idaho (also March 23)

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs Gonzales, Memphis

TRACK & FIELD
National Indoor Women's Track and Field Championships, Akron
West Texas Relays, Odessa, Texas

Sunday, March 23

AUTO RACING
USAC sprint car race, Reading, Pa.

BASEBALL
(Exhibition)
Los Angeles Dodgers vs New York Yankees, Miami

BASKETBALL
East-West All-Star Game, Kansas City, Mo

BRIDGE TOURNAMENT
National Bridge Tournament, final day, Atlantic City

HOCKEY
(National League)
Chicago at Boston
Montreal at Detroit
Toronto at New York
(American League)
Hershey at Cleveland
Rochester at Buffalo
Springfield at Providence

SKIING
New England Kandahar, Cannon Mt, Franconia, N H.

Monday, March 24

BASKETBALL
National AAU Basketball Championships, Denver (through March 29)

BOXING
(Professional)
● Tex Gonzales vs Eddie Andrews, middleweights, 10 rds, St Nick's, New York, 10 p m (DuMont)
(Amateur)
Air Force World Championship, Washington, D C (through March 28).
Inter City (Chicago vs New York) Golden Gloves, Mad Sq Garden, New York

GOLF
Latham Reed Pro-Amateur, $5,000, Miami Beach, Fla (also March 25)

SQUASH RACQUETS
Germantown Cricket Club's Mixed Doubles Tournament, Philadelphia (through March 30)

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs Gonzales, Kansas City, Mo

Tuesday, March 25

BOXING
■ Ray Robinson vs Carmen Basilio, middleweight title bout, 15 rds, Chicago, 11 p m (CBS)

HOCKEY
First game, Stanley Cup playoffs, first- and third-place teams meet in best-of-seven game series, Montreal (also second game, March 27)
First game, Stanley Cup playoffs, second- and fourth-place teams meet in best-of-seven-game series, Mad Sq Garden, New York (also second game, March 27)

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs Gonzales, St Louis

Wednesday, March 26

BOXING
● Sugar Hart vs Tombstone Smith, welterweights, 10 rds, Philadelphia, 10 p m (ABC)

HORSE RACING
Suwannee River Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr-old fillies and mares, 1 1/16 m, Gulfstream Park, Fla

SKATING
National Figure Skating Championships, Minneapolis (through March 29)

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs Gonzales, Muncie, Ind

Thursday, March 27

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs Gonzales, Toledo

SWIMMING
● National Collegiate Swimming Championships, Ann Arbor, Mich (through March 29, finals, 3 p m, CBS)

Friday, March 28

BOXING
● Gil Turner vs Mickey Crawford, middleweights,
■ 10 rds, Mad Sq Garden, New York, 10 p m (NBC)

GOLF
Azalea Open, $15,000, Wilmington, N C. (through March 30)

TRACK & FIELD
Texas Relays, Austin (also March 29)

WRESTLING
National Collegiate Wrestling Championships, Laramie, Wyo (also March 29)

Saturday, March 29

BASEBALL
(Exhibition)
■ New York Yankees vs Chicago White Sox, St. Petersburg, Fla, 1:20 p m (Mutual)

DOG SHOW
International Kennel Club Show, Chicago (also March 30) *

HORSE RACING
John B Campbell Memorial Handicap, $100,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/16 m, Bowie, Md.
Florida Derby, $100,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/8 m, Gulfstream Park, Fla

HUNT RACING
Carolina Cup, Camden, S C

Sunday, March 30

AUTO RACING
USAC Championship Race, 100 miles, Trenton, N J.

BASEBALL
(Exhibition)
■ Philadelphia Phillies vs Detroit Tigers, Lakeland, Fla, 1:15 p m (Mutual)

HOCKEY
Third game, Stanley Cup playoffs, teams and sites to be determined (also April 1, if necessary, April 3)

*See local listing

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
MARCH 24, 1958

WHO CALLED THAT BUM A SMODGER?

A San Francisco fan, obviously, but he should hear what they're saying in Los Angeles on the eve of big league baseball



CITY OF HILLS, San Francisco is ready to love the Giants in a lofty sort of way.

WHEN CALVIN COOLIDGE chose not to run for the presidency in 1928, he retired to his native New England and for a time wrote a syndicated newspaper column. His essays were masterpieces of Yankee understatement. One day, characteristically, Mr. Coolidge led off by going about as far out on a limb as he ever cared to go. "Baseball," he wrote, "is our national game."

It was indeed. But the best baseball, the big league brand, was far from being that. It had one foot across the Mississippi at St. Louis, and it seemed inconceivable that it *would expand any further.* A man who predicted (in Coolidge's time) that the majors eventually might invade California would have been looked at askance. A man who dared to suggest that the traditional New York rivals, the Dodgers of Brooklyn and the Giants of Manhattan, might one day reside, respectively, in Los Angeles and San Francisco would have been summarily ordered to leave the speakeasy.

But in a matter of days now, it all becomes wonderfully true for California and for baseball in general. On April 15 the San Francisco Giants will be hosts to the Los Angeles Dodgers in the minor league ball park that was formerly the home of the Seals of the Pacific Coast League. Three days later (on the 52nd anniversary of the San Francisco earthquake), the Dodgers and the Giants will bring the big time to Los Angeles in the great Coliseum that is to be the temporary home of the Dodgers. With that, the major league game will go truly national, making old Cal Coolidge more of a prophet than he ever intended to be.

If there are those who mourn that baseball has lost something in the dissolution of the Manhattan-Brooklyn rivalry, let them weep no more. For nowhere in America are the ingredients of intercity rivalry more promising than along the California shore. The proudest boast of both Los Angeles and San Francisco is that they have nothing, but nothing, in common. And they like it that way.

"Those San Franciscans are too

consciously civilized," says one Los Angeles observer. "They possess that unemotional British attitude toward life. They consider themselves true patrons of the arts. They look upon Los Angeles as boorish For all their high-toned life, they drink far more liquor than we do. Is that sophistication or is it a fraud?"

"San Francisco lives in a cocoon," says a Los Angeles student. "Its people are able to avoid life. In Los Angeles, you have to elbow your way ahead. We're too sprawling. We're growing too fast. The market places are different. That's why Los Angeles is louder, more pushy, more blustery."

A Los Angeles newspaperman sees the Dodgers as a possible cure for what he thinks ails his town: "L.A. has no identity. We haven't got a landmark. In New York, it's the skyline. In New Orleans they've got those balconies. San Francisco has the bridges. Here every little township attaches itself to L.A., but it worries over its own school problem and its own sewer problem. We're looking for the Dodgers to pull it all together."

San Francisco feels in no need of being pulled together. As Herb Caen, columnist for the *Chronicle*, sees it: "Why, we're so well-integrated now that one evening a Chinese and a Texan were having a loud discussion in a Chinatown restaurant and, strangely enough, it was the Texan who seemed like a foreigner."

As for San Francisco's attitude toward Los Angeles, Caen said: "Hating L.A. is sort of a joke, but it's serious the way 'Don't call it Frisco' is serious. This is a city in love with itself. You can stand on a rooftop and look at it. Hell, you can put your arms around it. The Giants are a traditional team, and this is a traditional town. We say 'Dem Bums' now, and we really mean it. Maybe we'll finish the season calling them the Smodgers."

A longtime San Francisco baseball fan developed the point:

"This isn't Los Angeles. Down there you could always sell a 10¢ beanie for a dollar and a half. Look at the way those suckers turned out when O'Malley arrived. A parade and everything, and O'Malley didn't even have a stadium or a firm franchise. When Horace Stoneham arrived in San Francisco, he was met by the Mayor and some other politicians—period. The fans were glad to have him come out, but their attitude was: 'Nice to have you in our city, Horace. Field a team next spring, and we'll look it over. If we like it, our hearts will go out to you. If not, we'll stay home. We won't go out to boo you. We'll love you or leave you alone.' "



LAND OF THE FREEWAYS, sprawling Los Angeles has high hopes that the Dodgers will pull it together and cut the ego of its proud northern neighbor down to size.

It didn't take Horace Stoneham long to catch on. The other day, he gave an interview to Jeane Hoffman of the *Los Angeles Times* and promptly dashed a shot of Tabasco into the bubbling intercity stew. "Even if Walter O'Malley hadn't been in the picture," declared Horace, "I wouldn't have taken my club to Los Angeles. I prefer San Francisco. Why? Because it's a cosmopolitan city. Los Angeles is a 'transient city.' I predict that over the long run—10 years or more—San Francisco will outdraw Los Angeles in baseball.

"San Franciscans are a different breed of people. They're business people, substantial, with more pride in their community. Los Angeles fans? They're strictly 'name plate' people. By that I mean they go to an event to be seen or because it's the thing to do. They'll break their necks to get to a World Series, but how will they respond, day in, day out? You may outdraw us the first couple of years, but you don't have the kind of people down there to give as consistent support."

For Los Angeles, Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers says nothing in disparagement of anybody. If San Franciscans, even transplanted ones like Horace Stoneham, look down their noses at his new town and his old ball club, let them look up his bank account. He has sold something over 8,000 seats for every home game, which means more than $1,500,000 in the till before the first pitch. Stoneham may have it made in culture in San Francisco, but O'Malley has it in cold cash in L.A.

As the wedding approaches, there is some evidence of prenuptial jitters in both cities. Ticket sellers imported from Brooklyn have put some backs up in Los Angeles, and the less-than-cordial attitude of some Giant players has ruffled the feelings of sportswriters in San Francisco.

But one good game will cure all that. For, as Mr. Coolidge put it so well, baseball is our national game. And the big league variety—played in the sunshine and smog of Los Angeles or the chill and fog of San Francisco—is irresistible.

MORE ON WEST COAST BASEBALL ON THESE PAGES:

The new big league parks	**16**
Giants and Dodgers in camp	**18**
Footloose in two cities	**60**
The ups and downs of O'Malley	**62**

THE GIANTS' SEALS STADIUM

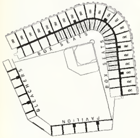
Seals Stadium (capacity 23,741), one of the largest minor league parks, is much the smallest in the majors. Most seats, however, are choice (5,870 boxes, 12,771 reserved), and the field itself is a gem. Parking is poor. Small lot just beyond left field fence will be reserved for players, officials, press, etc. Nearest off-street area of any size is three blocks away, under freeway ramps. Public transit isn't bad, with plenty of extra buses slated for big-game days. Taxis take only 15 minutes from downtown, with fares reasonable.

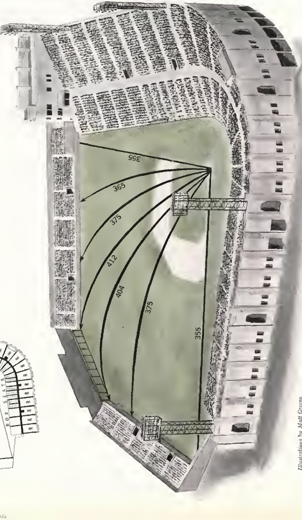
BOX SEATS: $3.50

RESERVED SEATS (R): $2.50

PAVILION: $1.50

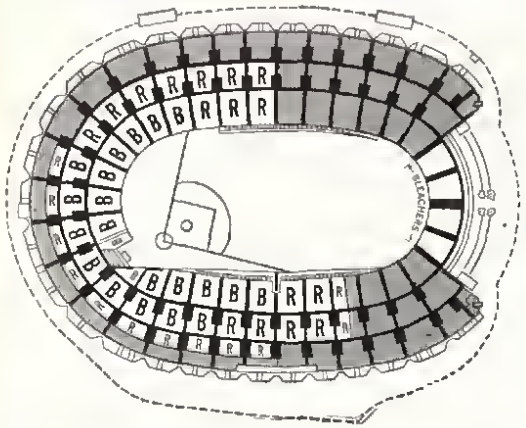
BLEACHERS: 90¢





Illustrations by Matt Greene

THE DODGERS' COLISEUM



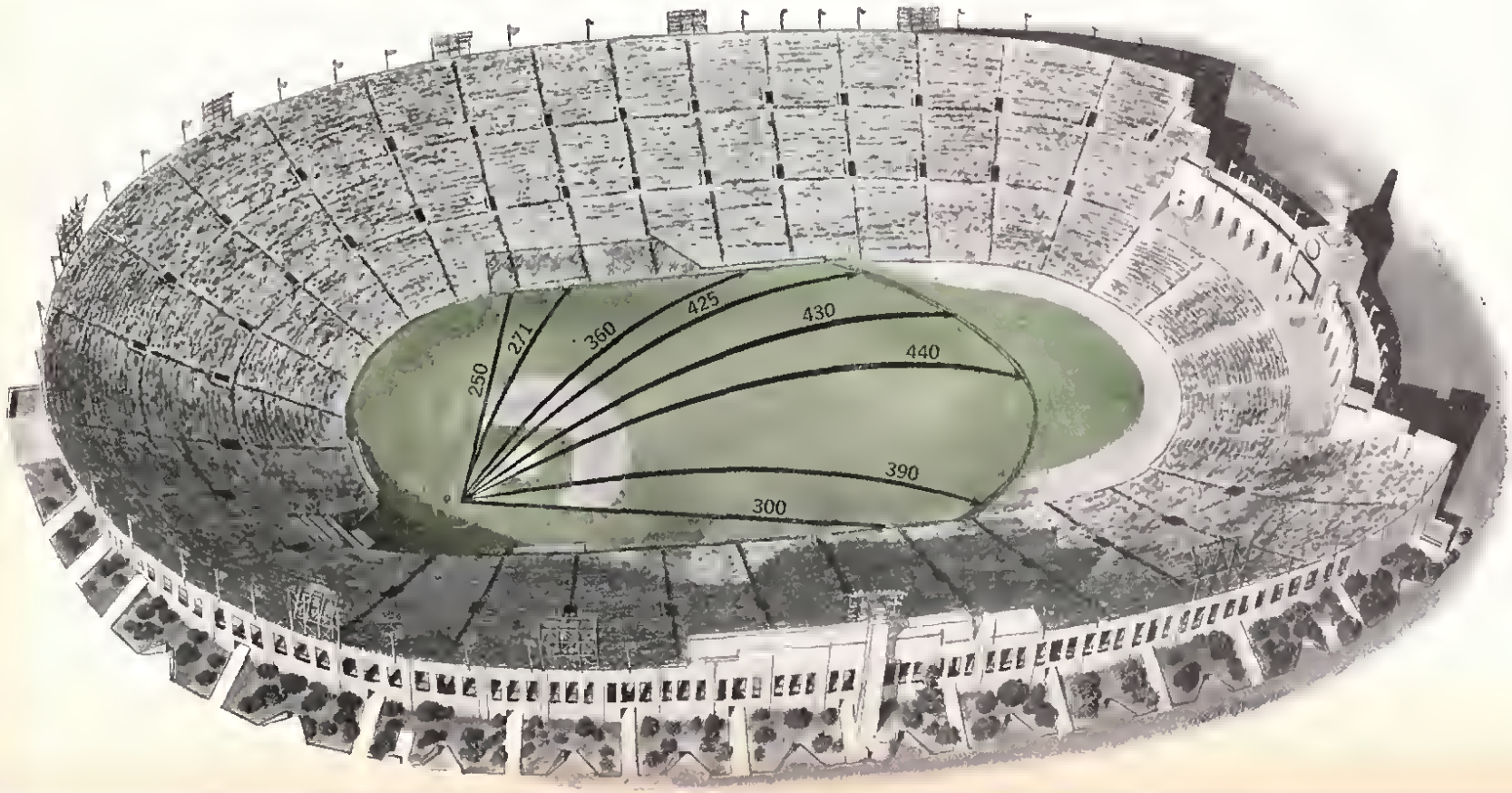
BOX SEATS (B): $3.50

RESERVED SEATS (R): $2.50

GENERAL ADMISSION (GRAY): $1.50

BLEACHERS: 90¢

The Coliseum is the largest stadium ever used for major league baseball. Thus, a solid 1958 bet is that the Dodgers will break every big league attendance record in the books. Permanent capacity is about 105,000, but top baseball attendance will probably remain below 100,000 since spread-out seating cuts some 7,000 off the maximum. There will be about 35,000 box and reserved seats in this post-free arena. Plenty of parking (13,000 cars) in vicinity, which is fortunate, since public transportation is on the weak side.



SUPERFICIAL OPTIMISM . . .

The San Francisco Giants have brilliant young rookies who make the team look better than it is

THE SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS are optimistic, officially so. Mr. Chubby Feeney, the genial Dartmouther who handles much of the Giants' front-office detail for his uncle Horace Stoneham, is the source of this intelligence.

Mr. Feeney sits in the bleachers out along the left field foul line in Phoenix Municipal Stadium, somewhat behind a long, handsome cigar and slightly under a flamboyant upswept straw hat of quasi-Mexican parentage. He gazes soulfully at the four dozen Giants and near-Giants disporting themselves on the playing field and with a note of sincerity lending a slight throb to his voice says, "I know this: we'll finish ahead of the Dodgers."

Mr. Feeney's eyes are blue and, at times, innocent. At such times it is entirely possible to accept both the throb and the sincerity. The Giants to finish ahead of the Los Angeles Brooklyns! Is it really so much to ask? Chubby and his uncle (and, they hope, the city of San Francisco) will wait patiently for the pennant, will even forgo the first division for another year, if only this season, California's debut in the majors, the Giants can beat out the Dodgers.

Feeney waves his cigar grandly and explains the simple basis of his optimism: the Dodgers are an old club, going down, whereas the Giants are a young club, coming up.

Young, Mr. Feeney? The Giants' spring training roster listed such as Bobby Thomson, Whitey Lockman, Don Mueller, Hank Sauer, Marv Grissom, Dusty Rhodes, Ray Katt, Ray Jablonski. Thomson started with the Giants in 1946, Lockman in 1945, Mueller in 1948. Sauer is 39 years old this month; Grissom, 40. Rhodes has been trying now for six full seasons to blossom into a regular outfielder, without success. He and Katt and Jablonski are yesterday's rookies of promise, now fading veterans in their 30s, still on the short side of success.

Age in itself is no tragedy, of course, nor is modest ability. But there is a distinct possibility that Giant hopes for even a third successive sixth-place finish might rest to a sobering degree on these past-tense players. The Giants have a center fielder (whose name escapes memory for the moment) and a good shortstop, Daryl Spencer. They have a variety of athletes who can play second base without falling down. They have fair pitching. And they have a fine little second-string catcher in Valmy Thomas, the only Virgin Islander in the major leagues.



SYMBOL of Giant hopes is powerful rookie first baseman, Orlando Cepeda.

Beyond that, they have age. Mr. Feeney?

Mr. Feeney is undaunted. He is a young man, as front-office people go, and his eye is on the young men in camp, the phalanx of youth, the raw, handsome rookies with the hot bats, sticky gloves and extravagant endorsements. These are children next to the oldtimers on the roster, but the Giants would love to go with these bright children. "Sixth place isn't very good," says Chub Feeney. "We might as well gamble."

The gamble is concentrated on four of these youngsters. None has played so much as an inning of major league ball, and indeed only two of them are on the Giants' major league roster at the moment. Yet all are good winter-book long shots to be in the starting lineup on April 15.

There are other youngsters around, some of them quite impressive, but attention in Phoenix constantly focuses down to these four: Bob Schmidt, a tall, rangy catcher who had the first-string job won last year before he injured himself; Jim Davenport, a lean, wiry, unflamboyant third baseman who is everybody's sleeper because he *looks* so much like a ballplayer; Willie Kirkland, a left-handed-hitting outfielder who was plain awful early in training but whose pedigree (35 homers a year in the minors, 128 runs batted in) is awfully good; and, finally, Orlando Cepeda, a right-handed-hitting first baseman from Puerto Rico who is Item One in the Giants' Category of Hope.

Cepeda is only 20, but he has three full years of professional experience behind him, with successive minor-league batting averages of .393, .355 and .309, this last made at 19 with Class AAA Minneapolis. He is powerfully built, agile and quick, a good first baseman, a hitter who cocks his bat far back and high up and *wings* it into a pitch. He runs well and slides with abandon. He is so young, so unproved, so impressive.

Memory cautions one to recall the absolutely marvelous young players the Giants have had in springs past. Surely you remember Johnny Rucker? Or Clint Hartung? Bill Ayers? Or, for that matter, Andre Rodgers, who just last March was the greatest shortstop in the major leagues?

Yet hope is part of the lifeblood of baseball. Going into a new town,

continued on page 59

UNDERLYING PESSIMISM

The Los Angeles Dodgers' great stars are aging or absent, and this team will win no pennant

THERE is an elderly lady, Mrs. Alice Smith by name, who has watched the Dodgers work out at Vero Beach for the last seven years. She wears a blue team cap which has always carried the letter B in white. This year she was offered a new cap with the letters L.A. on it. She said no, thank you. To her, the Dodgers will always belong to Brooklyn.

It is not so with others at the Dodger training camp. This year it is the Los Angeles Dodgers, and no one, least of all the players, seems upset over the thought that they will never again play baseball in Brooklyn. The talk is of California, of Malibu Beach and freeways, of the good weather and comfortable living. Even the clothing has a California look.

Ballplayers are always a well-dressed lot, but this year there seem to be more rich-blue sports shirts and cream-colored slacks than ever before. Buzzy Bavasi, in a white cardigan sweater and sunglasses, looks more like a Hollywood producer than the Dodgers' general manager. After practice one day, Don Newcombe ambled from the clubhouse in a snazzy red golf cap that produced whistles and catcalls across three baseball diamonds.

Following the Dodgers around Florida this spring, recording what they say, what they eat, how they feel and what they do, is an army of typewriters. There are spanking new green-and-white ones and they are from California. The black-and-gray ones are from New York. The California typewriters are covering their first spring training; they are eager and excitable. The New York typewriters are covering their last spring training; they are relaxed but slightly jealous. There is no ill feeling between the two groups, although it must be admitted that the green typewriters and the black typewriters have had very little to say to each other.

All thoughts and activities, however, have not been devoted to California. After all, there is a baseball season ahead. On the afternoon of April 18, perhaps 100,000 happy souls will show up at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum to take a look at their ball club for the first time. If their hopes are high, they may be disappointed.

Los Angeles acquired the Brooklyn franchise, all right, but it is not getting the Brooklyn team. Not the team that won six pennants in a decade. The Dodgers insist that theirs is not a wilting team. They point to their young staff of talented pitchers and explain that the team has simply undergone a curious metamorphosis. What was once a hitting team, they argue, is now a pitching team, and they are convinced that they can carry on as such. Perhaps, but other teams have had better pitching and have not won pennants.

The great Dodger team, the team Los Angeles fans read about in the papers and saw on television in the World Series, is gone. Some of the names are still there; uniform No. 1 still means Pee Wee Reese, but Pee Wee Reese no longer means what it once did. The massive Don Newcombe still stalks the grounds like a giant elk, but no longer is he the ace of the Dodger staff. He has slipped and he knows it, and so do National League batsmen. When Duke Snider swings at a pitch, players standing around the cage watch not the flight of the ball but the delicate left knee. And, of course, there are two members of that great team who will never play baseball in Los Angeles: Roy Campanella who won so many friends and Most Valuable Player awards, and Jackie Robinson who won so many pennants.

Yet do not believe that this first Los Angeles Dodgers team will be a poor one. It has the pitchers, headed by young Don Drysdale and Johnny



RELIC of Dodger past and possible key to future is ex-Manager Charlie Dressen.

Podres. Their pitches will be caught, in all probability, by someone now wearing another uniform. Cincinnati has turned down a Newcombe-for-Ed Bailey deal, but the Dodgers may get Bailey yet. They will have to get someone, for Rube Walker cannot win them a pennant. The outfield will be Gino Cimoli, Snider and Carl Furillo. If Snider's knee fails, Rookie Don Demeter will take over. As usual, Gil Hodges will play first base. The rest of the infield is like a game of musical chairs. Charlie Neal will switch from shortstop to second base because the Dodgers feel he can make the pivot better than Jim Gilliam. Gilliam will switch from second to third because he is too good to leave out of the lineup. That leaves shortstop open. Many of the Dodgers feel there is only one man for the job and chances are when the season starts, he will be there. That man is Pee Wee Reese.

When the Dodgers lost Jackie Robinson they lost their spark. Last year's team was listless. Now the spark is back in the form of peppery Charlie Dressen. When Dressen was last with the Dodgers it was 1953 and he was the manager. Now he is a

continued on page 59

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Hy Peskin

Sugar Ray Dares the Odds

The violent scenes on the next four pages show how Carmen Basilio became the third man to lift Robinson's title. If he keeps it, he'll be the first to do so

The record number of straight passes in a dice game, according to Historian John Scarne, is 39, set by a Texas lady at San Juan's Caribe Hilton Hotel casino on January 18, 1952. The odds against the feat are 956,211,843,725 to 1. (Crapshooters will be appalled to learn that she netted a mere $1,600.)

There is luck in prizefighting, but a principal factor is the quality of the opposition. The odds, therefore, are 9 to 5 that Sugar Ray Robinson will not make his fourth straight successful pass at rewinning the middleweight championship, which would be a bit of a record all its own. Though Robinson's punch has, on occasion, upset the odds, the quality of his opposition on the night of March 25 at Chicago Stadium will be Carmen Basilio, a little man but young and tough, a stouter defender than Robinson has recently met.

Robinson's previous rewinnings of the title were against Randy Turpin, Bobo Olson and Gene Fullmer. Since to be cynical is to be rated a knowing one in boxing, Sugar Ray's reputation as a miracle-worker has benefited by a common wise guy belief that he sometimes has lost the title deliberately in order to take advantage of a rematch purse and betting odds. Let us say fie on such notions, which are belied by the pictures on the next few pages. They show Ray was trying against Basilio in their first fight.

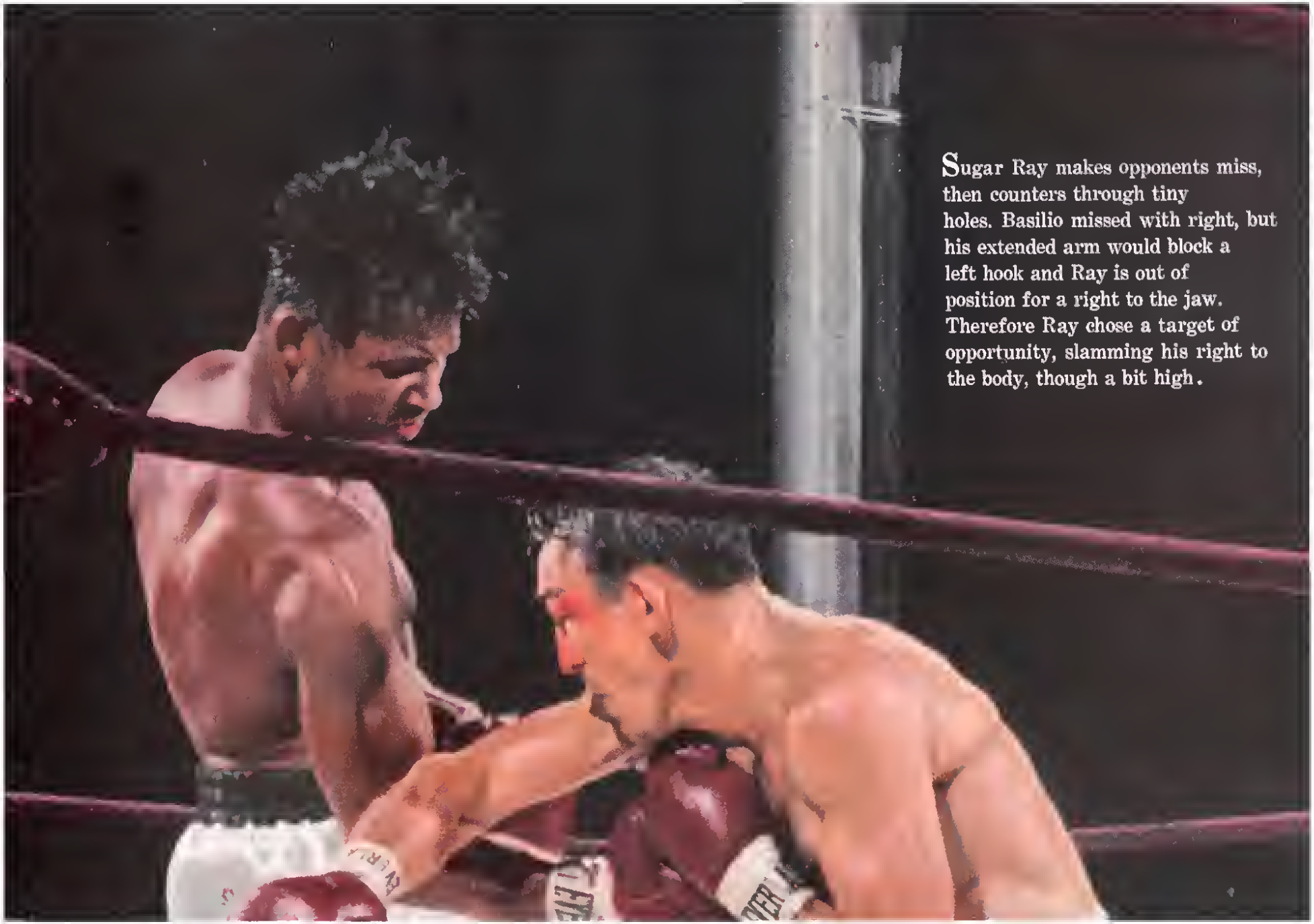
The victories cited have been overrated, it seems here, as a gauge to what will happen against Basilio. The second Turpin fight was six years ago, when Sugar Ray was much closer to the prime of his fighting life than he is today. He beat Olson every time they met, which was four times. When he fought Fullmer the second time he took advantage of a country boy's overconfidence.

But Sugar Ray is now far past his prime—he is officially 37 years old. He will be fighting a Basilio who has already beaten him, not an Olson who never could beat him. He will

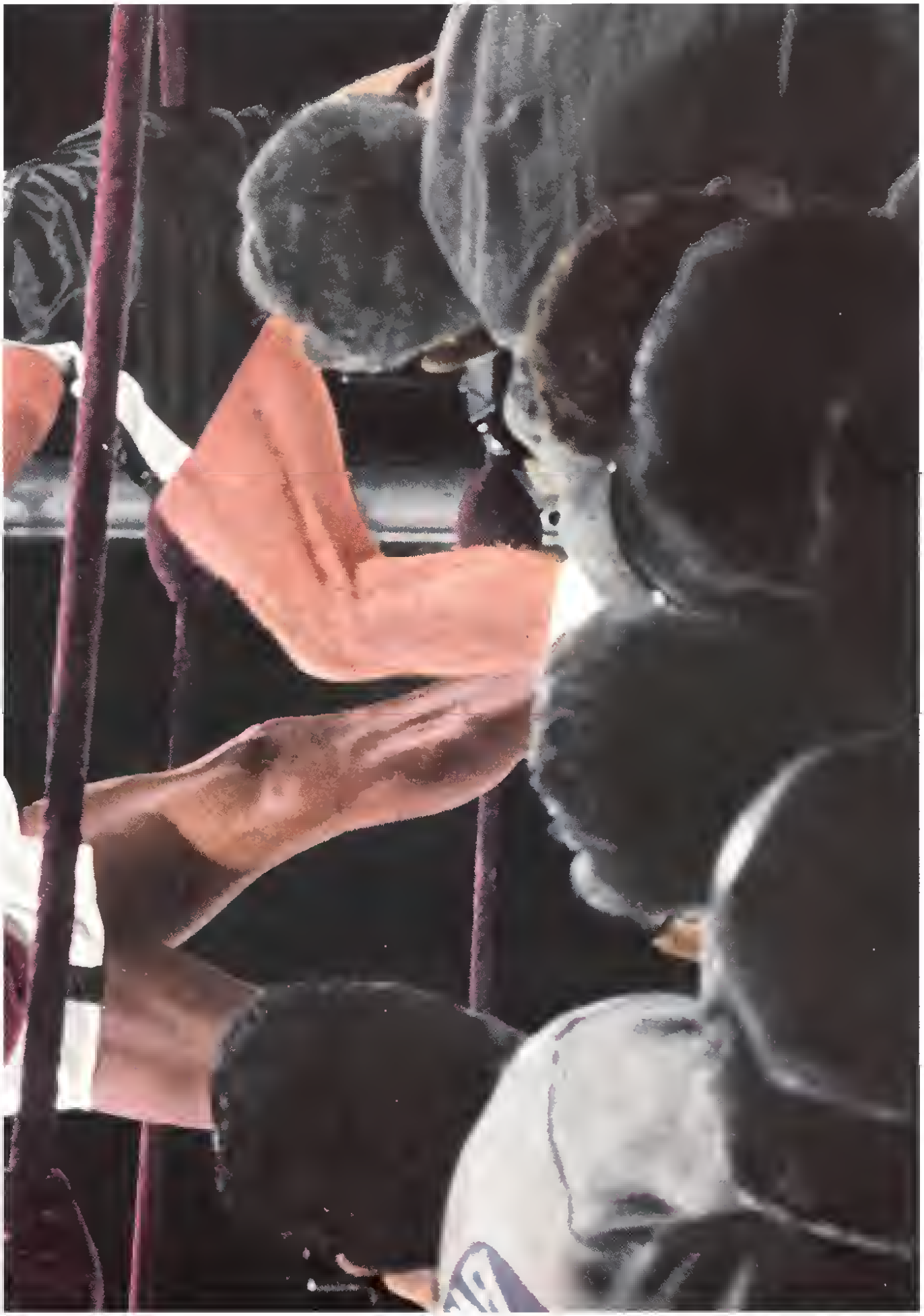
text continued on page 58

Losing the title, Sugar Ray cocked the long left that kayoed Fullmer, but Basilio beat him to the punch with a hard right.





Sugar Ray makes opponents miss, then counters through tiny holes. Basilio missed with right, but his extended arm would block a left hook and Ray is out of position for a right to the jaw. Therefore Ray chose a target of opportunity, slamming his right to the body, though a bit high.





Cornered, Sugar Ray seems to be in trouble, but the shrewd old master is giving Basilio only the top of his head to hit

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Signs and Omens

FOR SOME WEEKS NOW, as the picture on the cover of this issue shows, the great signboard over the south gate of the Los Angeles Coliseum has carried an apparently simple legend:

OPENING GAME
L A DODGERS VS S F GIANTS
APRIL 18TH 1 30 PM

Students of baseball omens—and of California history—might do well to examine this information closely.

Is an augury of any kind to be found in the circumstance that the San Francisco Giants will make their first descent of all time upon Los Angeles on April 18, the 52nd anniversary of something known around the world (but not in San Francisco) as the San Francisco earthquake? And if so, is it the Giants or the Dodgers who are due for a shaking? We leave these matters to the study of omen experts everywhere, confident that in just about four weeks' time we'll all have an answer.

But it does not take the seventh son of a seventh son to recognize in Walter O'Malley's big sign the authentication of the greatest moving and rocking that has ever hit major league baseball—the arrival of the big game on the shores of California. When Walter O'Malley and Horace Stoneham get together in the Coliseum on the afternoon of April 18 they can shake on it.

Ron for the Money

"USE your arms on the bends, Ron," said Jim Elliott, the Villanova coach. "I'll call your lap times to you."

"Righto," said Delany. "If I'm around 3:05 at the three-quarters, I'll have a go at it."

To Ron Delany, the likable gentleman from Ireland, records are something to play in a jukebox. He has, all year, run to win and he has won 28 consecutive races indoors. In his 28th, at the Chicago *Daily News* Relays last week, he turned the three-quarters in 3:05 and had a go at the world indoor mile record. He used his arms busily on the turns, propelled himself through the final quarter in 58.4 seconds and set a new world indoor mile mark of 4:03.4, 2/10 of a second under the old one.

After the race he sat on the edge of a judge's platform, changing from natty white-and-red racing shoes to a pair of old, not-so-natty sneakers.

"No, I don't think this track is much different from the others," he said in answer to a question. "There's one that's like running through an Irish bog barefoot, but not this one. I could have set this record on the New York track if it had been convenient and the time had been right at the three-quarters. But then there's

continued



The Second Act of Carmen

half a dozen milers who can beat it. I might myself."

He watched Iowa's Deacon Jones begin a kick that carried him to the tape ahead of Max Truex in the two-mile.

"They ought to get on his back," Delany said, a grin lighting the pleasant, bony face. "He runs like I do. You have to run to meet the competition. If I had said to myself tonight, 'Ronnie, you're going to break the world record,' I might not have done it, you know. But I was running that last quarter. I wasn't taking it easy."

He looked up at the full stands.

"Chicago is an Irish town," he said. "I'm going to stay here tomorrow and Sunday and ride in the St. Patrick's Day parade with a shillelagh on my shoulder. There are lots of good Irish people here I want to meet. I don't know what Philadelphia is, but it's not Irish."

He stuffed the running shoes in a canvas bag with Swissair on the side. In the bag were a towel and a loose dollar bill.

"My ultimate ambition is to retain my Olympic title, and I think I can," he said seriously. "I should be at a peak by then. Meanwhile, I enjoy running. I'm in America to run for my university and I make no bones about running. I enjoy keeping my end of the bargain."

Added Ingredient

ON THE THEORY, perhaps, that the more distance they put between themselves and the fans up north the better, the last-place Pittsburgh Pirates occupy the southernmost spring training camp of all. A lovely, sea-lapped spot, it basks on Florida's west coast at Fort Myers.

The Pirates have been going to Fort Myers for years, but this spring



something new has been added to the camp. It is a huge lump of muscle named Ted Kluszewski. The first thing a reporter sees as he strolls into the Pirate clubhouse is likely as not to be the Klu stretched out on a rubbing table. Or he can stroll down to the pitching machine where the players are taking their practice cuts, and there is the Klu filling the cage like a moving van in an alley. Everywhere one looks, there is the massive man with No. 3 on his back. His presence pervades the camp, and one reason the reporter cannot stop watching him is that everyone in the camp from the bat boy to General Manager Joe Brown is watching him too.

Not that the Pirates are counting on Kluszewski, or anything like that. Oh, dear, no. They got him from the Cincinnati Reds on a gamble with a sore back and they don't expect him to bat .326 as he used to a couple of years ago. It's just that if he doesn't, they may all drop dead.

"I never saw anything like it," said one seasoned observer last week. "The first day Klu walked into the batting cage, everything stopped dead. The pepper games behind the cage stopped. The pitchers running in the outfield stopped. The coaches hitting fungoes, they stopped. Everybody just stood there watching Klu bit."

Working himself into shape slowly and easily, Klu himself is optimistic about the future. He's still not sure exactly when his trouble began, this slipped disc that threatened to put him out of the game after nine brilliant seasons, but he remembers feeling it first after fielding a ball during spring training in 1956.

"I went ahead and had a pretty good year," he says, "but at times it was pretty bad and last year it hurt a lot. So many doctors have looked at me I couldn't even count them." In hospital and out, Klu has been punched and probed and pounded, sweated under heat lamps and frozen in ice packs. His powerful back muscles have been subjected to all manner of electromagnetic radiation.

His most recent gadget is a curious device resembling a sawed-off refrigerator with rubber cords sprouting from its sides. At the end of one of these is something that looks like a detached headlight, and when this is applied to Klu's back, whatever is in the box goes into Kluszewski. "I believe this is doing him some good," said the technician who controlled this monster last week. "I don't know," said Ted Kluszewski, "but keep it up anyway. It feels good."

They Said It

JAMES D. NORRIS, *president of the IBC, who virtually invented televised fights: "What can a recession do to boxing that television hasn't done?"*

BILLY GRAHAM, *a 90s golfer, asked what he says when he flubs a crucial putt: "I don't say it, I think it."*

CASEY STENGEL, *on Ted Williams' reluctance to wear a batting helmet: "Ted hit .400 without a helmet, and he will continue to be a great batter even if he decides to wear a derby hat at the plate."*

CAROL HEISS, *three-time world women's figure skating champion, pooh-poohing her own chances of matching Sonja Henie's record of 10 straight titles: "By the time I would be going after my 10th, I would be 26 years old. Goodness, I'd be utterly ancient."*

JACK BEGUN, *Chicago fight manager, upon being denied a manager's license by the Illinois State Athletic Commission: "There are three sides to every story. My side, the commission's side, and the truth."*



"That's Frenchy Le Duc. He's something of a hothead."

Love in Moscow

GEIM, SET, MAYCH. These are three little words being heard with more regularity these days behind Russia's Iron Curtain. Translated they mean, of course, "game, set, match." Having decided to embrace tennis, it appears, the Russians have embraced some of the international language of the game, adding only a Russian accent.

A tennis friend of the editors has been able to establish this news after a certain amount of persistent digging. First he called a fellow who had spent some time in the Soviet Union.

"What is 'game' in Russian?" the fellow said, repeating the query. "Gee, I don't know. I think it is *igra* or something like that. Why don't you call Tass. They would know."

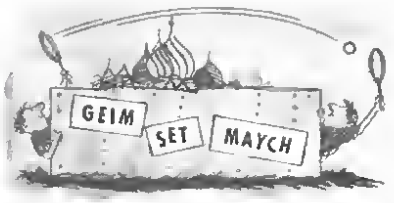
So our friend put in a call to Tass, the government news agency, which has offices in New York.

The sharply accented voice at the other end of the line indicated complete confusion when asked what the words "game, set and match" would be in Russian.

"I do not know," the Tass man said. "Let me look it up and you may call back, please."

An hour later he phoned back. The Tass man had the answer.

"It is just like the English," he said. "*Geim, set, maych.* We found out from our sports authority." Our



correspondent is convinced that Tass had cabled Moscow for the answer.

In adopting a word, the Russians don't try to translate it but apparently use it in its closest derivative form. For instance, tennis in Russian is *tennis*. That's not hard, now, is it? But the proud Russians, who would like to dominate all sports, are finding it much more difficult to translate the game of tennis itself into Russian play at a level matching international standards.

They held a tournament recently in Moscow. The Belgian Davis Cup stars, Jackie Brichant and Philippe Washer, who almost beat the Americans in Australia, were there. So were the Frenchmen Paul Remy and Robert Haillet.

The Russians showed poorly. The Belgians and French beat the best the Soviets had to offer, with only a negligible number of lost games. But the Russians are stubborn. They say their youngsters will play at Wimbledon. And they will have another international tournament in Moscow this July.

Meanwhile, America's own tennis ambassadors are busy on the international circuit. America's Davis Cup hero, Barry MacKay, is in Egypt with Mrs. Dorothy Head Knode on a tour sponsored by the State Department. Louise Brough is in South Africa. Budge Patty and Gardnar Mulloy are in the Caribbean. So is Althea Gibson.

The world circuit gets bigger all the time—and now Moscow. Incidentally, our tennis correspondent adds that the word love in tennis comes from *l'oeuf*, meaning egg or zero in French. Wonder how they say "egg-thirty" in Russian? Our man forgot to ask.

Point and Counterpoint

DIRTY DOUG DONOVAN, a 27-year-old professional wrestler from Ontario, simply can't stand being needled when he performs. It makes him furious enough to go around kicking old ladies in the shins and things like that.

Take the night of July 5, 1956, for instance. Dirty Doug was grunting and groaning his darndest in an Albany, Ore. ring. In a front-row seat sat Mrs. Euchee Benson, an enthusiastic 73-year-old widow. Somehow, in a short time, the two made contact, upon which Donovan cut loose with an anguished bellow and kicked old Mrs. Benson.

Mrs. Benson, in a suit filed later, claimed Donovan kicked her without

continued

provocation. She asked the court for $75,000 damages.

Last week in a federal courtroom in Portland. Dirty Doug did not deny the kicking. It was not the widow's sharp tongue which had provoked bim, but rather a "sharp object" with wbich she had stuck him in the rear.

Attorneys for Donovan introduced in evidence a two-inch needle. Police testified the needle was found on tbe floor near the kicking incident.

With "grave doubts" Federal Judge Gus Soloman (a good man for the job) put the widow's claim to the jury.

Not a cent, said the jury. Their reasoning was clear: you can needle a wrestler, but not really.

Precedent from Kiki Cuyler

AS EDITOR for the last 15 years of the *Atlanta Constitution*, Ralph Emerson McGill speaks his mind with all the assurance (and rather more than the wit) of a Supreme Court justice. Barring an undue influence during his young manhood, indeed, Ralph McGill might even have become a Supreme Court justice. That influence turned him instead into a sportswriter and an avid baseball fan.

It bappened a long time ago when young McGill was a part-time police reporter and part-time law student at Vanderbilt University in Nashville. There was a rookie outfielder on the local ball club named Kiki Cuyler. "At the crack of a bat," wrote Editor McGill in his Sunday paper, "Kiki could turn his back on the ball and go racing back with the speed of a gazelle. And at the instant the ball was within reach he could turn and take it effortlessly. Judge Ed Seay, who taught torts, couldn't do that."

The result was that young McGill spent less and less time at school, more and more at the ball park. And if the har lost a promising recruit, the bleachers won a firm champion. Last week, in a time of widespread pessimistic ululations about the future of the national game, McGill penned a ringing and confident challenge.

"There will be some changes," he wrote, "but baseball will not die. It is too much a part of our lives. The minor leagues are dying out, but it should not be overlooked that there are more youngsters playing baseball today than ever before.

"In time the cities themselves, or the major leagues, will get some organization to revive semipro ball along the lines of the Little Leagues. The majors, already in an agonized process of finding new patterns, will find cities to support baseball. The automobile, whicb took the people away from baseball, can also bring them back. There is no reason, for example, why the first- or tbe third-base line couldn't have a multi-terraced parking lot from which fans could watch in their parked cars if they wished.

"All sorts of new tbings could be done to amuse the fans. Why, for instance, do the listeners on television get so much more information about the players, their past records and so on, than do the people who go to the game? Baseball has been acting like the railroads in the face of competition. It has been aggrieved and plaintive, but it hasn't been thinking.

"It is the game whicb offers the most skill, the most thrills and the most entertainment for the least money, but it will have to change with the times."

Be a good thing, in short, if the well-fed men who run Organized Baseball could show a little of the speed and imagination of Kiki Cuyler in going back for one of those shots to deep center field.



Celestial Ceiling

This basketball team
Has scaled the heights;
It's playing the game
With satellites.

—FRANK O'BRIEN



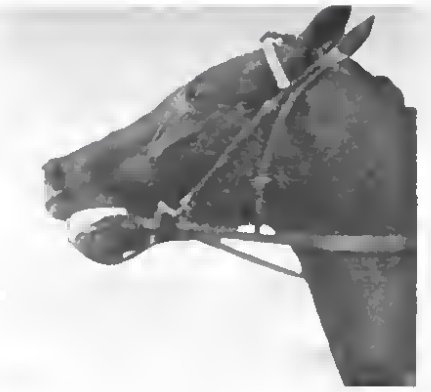
TIM TAM: "HERE'S THE PITCH"

THIS magazine is in receipt of a transcript of a most unusual conversation that took place this week between Tim Tam and Jewel's Reward, a pair of 3-year-old Thoroughbreds who are expected to uphold the honor of the East against Silky Sullivan, the pride and sensation of the West, in the Kentucky Derby on May 3. The conversation took place in the early morning at Hialeah Park in Florida and was overheard by a stable pony who reported it to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Tim Tam and Jewel's Reward were in a little knot of horses near the entrance to the track, waiting their turn to take their regular morning exercise. An exercise boy atop one of the horses verified important parts of this conversation, which proves, incidentally, that Silky Sullivan is the most talked-of horse of the decade, even among borses who are notoriously close-mouthed. The boy's name and that of the pony are being withheld for obvious reasons. Tim Tam will be identified as T.T. and Jewel's Reward as J.R.

T.T.: Oh, it's you.
J.R.: Yes, it is I.
T.T.: Have you been reading about that show Sullivan put on?
J.R.: I'm never up when Ed's show is on.
T.T.: I don't mean Ed Sullivan. I mean Silky Sullivan.
J.R.: That's a horse on me.
T.T.: You're sure feeling your oats, Jewelie Boy, but let me tell you it'll be a borse of another color wben we have to run against him in the Florida Derby.
J.R.: O.K., O.K., simmer down, Tim, I can read and I see by *The Morning Telegraph* that Silky Sullivan isn't going to come east for the Florida Derby after all. We don't have to worry about him until the Kentucky Derby.
T.T.: Are you sure, Jewelie?

THE PLOT AGAINST SILKY SULLIVAN

(Or a horse-to-horse talk at Hialeah)



JEWEL'S REWARD: " EXACTLY"

J.R.: Sure I'm sure. I got it straight from Oscar Otis' mouth in the *Telegraph.*

T.T.: Well, then, that's different. Why don't we cook up a little plan to give Silky his comeuppance in the Run for the Roses?

J.R.: If your plan isn't any better than that last cliché, we might as well scratch ourselves right now and let Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Markey run for us.

T.T.: Hear me out, Jewelie. Remember what happened the last time you fouled me?

J.R.: Oh, sorry, that's another horse on me.

T.T.: This time we've got to work together for the good of eastern bloodlines. Would you want your si er to marry Silky Sullivan?

J.R.: Stick to the point, Tim, the only race we're interested in is the Kentucky Derby. Right?

T.T.: Right.

J.R.: O.K. Now let's consider Silky the horse. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED sent its horse writer, Whitney Tower, out to the Coast to talk to him. I read about it last night, just before I hit the hay. Silky keeps a straight face and cocks that roving eye of his at Tower and says he doesn't know why it is that he can't seem to get into the race until every horse on the track and every human in the grandstand thinks he's out of it. He even went so far as . . .

T.T.: Did Mr. Tower talk to Willie Shoemaker, Silky's jockey?

J.R.: Don't be silly, Tim. The Shoe can't talk—don't interrupt me. Like I was saying, Silky went so far as to grab his chest and say, "Something in here seems to hurt me terrible after I get out of the gate and I have to slow down." He's got a brogue that makes old Doc Strub sound like Sir Cedric Hardwicke by comparison, but I'm giving it to you in English.

T.T.: I get you, never mind how he talks. What you're saying is that he hangs back until any horse with horse sense thinks he is out of the race. Then, when the likes of us well-bred horses are preparing a few words of acceptance to say in the winner's circle as our owners clasp hands willy-nilly and show their teeth, this crazy mick comes flying by roaring like a steam engine and takes the race.

J.R.: Exactly, Tim. Mrs. Markey and Jimmy Jones and all the people at Calumet must be proud of you. You're a very perceptive horse. Now let's hear a bright idea about how we can keep this western jerk from making us another pair of famous also-rans at Louisville. I don't mind running second to the stewards, but, on my dam, I don't want to run second to a horse.

T.T.: Don't get personal, Jewelie. Silky Sullivan's the problem before the horse—I mean, the house. Stick to the subject.

J.R.: Stick to the subject yourself, and give us the *modus operandi* for Louisville on Derby Day. Don't forget, Silky's trainer, who talks pretty good for a trainer, said: "The last time I saw Bill Corum I told him I wouldn't come back to Churchill Downs until I had a horse that would get me over there into his winner's circle."

T.T.: All right, here's the *m.o.* We'll break fast out of the gate just like Silky. Then you keep your eye on Silky and when he gets that expression on his face like he's in pain and slows down, you wince like you're in trouble and slow down with him. Or, better still, act like you really care about him and want to help him so you won't get your jockey accused by the stewards of pulling you up.

J.R.: Wouldn't that—

T.T.: Don't interrupt my train of thought and I'll guarantee you the next time you hear of Silky he'll be playing a measly supporting role in one of those silly Westerns. All right, now Silky has slowed down to a canter and you're right with him—solicitous as an old stable pony. Well, you could tell from Mr. Tower's piece that Silky's a sentimental Irish slob. This really touches him, see? No four-footed fellow creature ever cared enough about him before to slow down with him and offer to help. Here's where you do it up big and we take the slob for sure. Ask him what you can do, and if he tries to wave you off, touch your chest and tell about the awful pains you have sometimes and how you get over them by walking for about a mile. Tell him that resuming his gallop would be about the worst thing he could do in his condition.

J.R.: Timmy old Tammy, you're practically a genius. I wonder why those California horses couldn't think of something like this. It's breeding, that's what it is, breeding. Why—hey, wait a minute—what will you be doing while I'm holding Silky off?

T.T.: Don't be silly, Jewelie, the stewards would come right down off their perches if we both stayed back with Silky. I wouldn't want to get you disqualified again. I'll just keep on running.

J.R.: Why you four-legged hypocrite, did you think of that all by yourself or did that two-legged son of Ben Jones put you up to—

Jewel's Reward's angry retort was interrupted at this point by the buzzer, which signaled the group in which the two horses were standing onto the track. Jewel's Reward was mumbling some seemingly unprintable words as Tim Tam took off at a surprisingly rapid gait, ignoring the accustomed warmup trot. "It is my opinion," said the pony to whom we are indebted for this horse-to-horse talk, "that the rivalry between East and East will be as hot as the rivalry between East and West on Derby Day." **END**

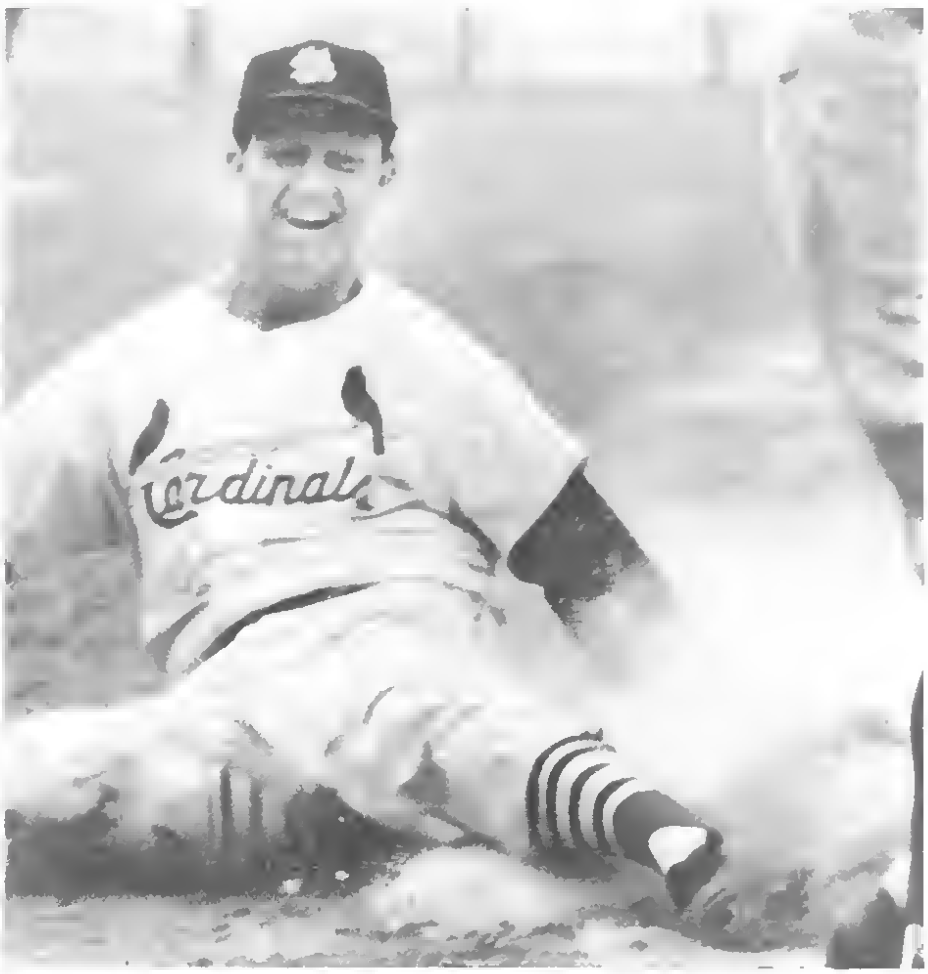
THE PROS GO ALL OUT BECAUSE THEY ARE PROS

You're on third and a guy lofts one back of first. The first baseman grabs it and falls. You light out for home and make the slide. You're 37 and the best they've got and it's a measly spring training game.

The pitch looks fat so you give it a wrenching ripple and you miss, twisting clear around on ailing legs that must support the team all season and the season hasn't even started yet.

You're going inside for the lead on the first turn when your horse lugs out, trips and you go down under hoofs. You're a top jock, riding a long shot in a highly unimportant race.

Why do you do it? Because it's your business. You're a professional.





MICKEY MANTLE, New York's switch-hitting young and fragile slugger, takes round-house, left-handed swipe. Mick hit the next pitch for a single, but the Red Sox won the game 8-5.

◀ **STAN MUSIAL,** St. Louis' grand old man, breaks into his famous grin as he slides home, beating the throw from Yankee First Baseman John Jaciuk. The Yanks lost this one, too, 6-0.

WILLIE SHOEMAKER lies crumpled in pain on Santa Anita track, after his mount, Naboo, stumbled and threw him. Willie, luckily, suffered nothing but sprained ligaments in his left leg.





SILKY STYLE AT SANTA ANITA

FOR AT LEAST one minute and 49 2/5 seconds—the time it took him to win the race—all eyes at the Santa Anita Derby were on Silky Sullivan, a horse who gets more fashionable every time he appears in public despite the fact that he sets his own styles in racing and most everything else. Worthy of a separate look, however, were some more fashionable racing folk caught here by the camera when Silky wasn't looking. Their costumes range from the expansive sack to a mink no bigger than a saddle. But the ensemble most universally admired was a tasteful arrangement of red carnations and Cymbidium orchids modeled in the winner's circle by Jockey Willie Shoemaker and Silky himself.

Photographed by Christa



JOCKEY WILLIE SHOEMAKER stands in winner's circle ensconced in the floral "chemise" which officials first hung on the muscular neck of his mount Silky Sullivan.



MRS. ALBERT EYRAUD, wife of a prominent Los Angeles transit executive, walks away from the field hiding her svelte form under a voluminous bag dress cut extra long.



PALE SWEDISH BEAUTY Ingrid Goude, latest entry in the Garbo-Bergman stakes, studies hard in low-pocket gray flannel sack coat.



MRS. WILLIAM E. MOORE JR., whose father heads Prudential Insurance, looks over field in mink and chemise-cut suit.

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO THE FLORIDA NIGHT

by KENNETH RUDEEN

For 12 hours the world's finest sports cars will be waging their annual battle of speed and endurance at Sebring, Florida. Competition this year should be the hottest ever

SEBRING is the name of a small town in the midlands of Florida that is annually the scene of an important automobile race—a race whose eighth renewal will be run from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. this Saturday. The event is very young, but it is to American devotees of road racing cars what the Kentucky Derby is to improvers of another temperamental breed.

The big event at Sebring has several distinguishing features. For one thing, it has perhaps the wordiest title in sport: The Florida International 12-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance for the Amoco Trophy. For another, it is nearly unrivaled in sport for complexity.

True-blue road racing fans are not puzzled by this complexity. Others who do not share their information and special language frequently are. An effort will be made, then, to preview Sebring lucidly for those who haven't yet discovered its merits, and informatively for those who regularly follow racing.

Let it be said, first of all, that this should be as fine a weekend as Sebring has seen. A dozen of the 65 entries will have a reasonable chance of winning the absolute victory, largely because of the new international ceiling on engine size for the most powerful cars. Last year, one car of vastly superior horsepower and speed, the 4.5-liter Maserati, made the over-all race no contest.

The field of drivers will be first-rate,

THE SEBRING ENTRIES

NO.	CAR	DRIVERS	CC.
1	Corvette	Thompson, Windridge	4,632
2	Corvette	Doane, Rathmann	4,632
3	Corvette	Jeffords, Pabst	4,632
4	Mercedes 300SL	Lippman, Giron	2,996
5	Mercedes 300SL	Alvarez, Rivera	2,996
6	Maserati	Rose, Ruby	2,982
7	Maserati	Duncan, Bonnier	2,982
8	D Jaguar	Flockbart, Sanderson	2,986
9	D Jaguar	Gregory, Bueb, Fairman	2,986
10	Lister-Jaguar	Scott-Brown, Hansgen	2,986
11	Lister-Jaguar	Crawford, O'Connor	2,986
12	D Jaguar	Cunningham, Underwood	2,986
14	Ferrari 250TR	Collins, Hill	2,953
15	Ferrari 250TR	Von Trips, Hawtborn	2,953
16	Ferrari 250TR	Musso, Gendebien	2,953
17	Ferrari 250TR	Von Neumann, Ginther	2,953
19	Ferrari 250TR	Flynn, Hugus	2,953
21	Ferrari GT	Arents Jr., Reed	2,953
22	Ferrari GT	O'Shea, Kessler	2,953
23	Ferrari 250TR	Fitch, Martin	2,953
24	Aston Martin DBR1	Moss, Brooks	2,922
25	Aston Martin DBR1	Salvadori, Shelby	2,922
26	Aston Martin MKIII	Constantine, Dalton	2,922
27	Austin-Healey	Moore, Kincheloe	2,639
28	Austin-Healey	Ehrman, Cuomo	2,639
29	Austin-Healey	Stiles, Geitner	2,639
30	Ferrari	Rubirosa, Malle	1,998
31	Ferrari	Andrey, Lloyd	1,998
32	Maserati	J. Kimberly, Lovely	1,996
33	Triumph TR3	Rothschild, W. Kimberly	1,991
34	Triumph TR3	Oker, Hurtley	1,991
35	Triumph TR3	Roberts, Heuss	1,991
36	Morgan	Kennedy, Payne	1,991
37	AC Bristol	Woodbury, Dressel	1,971
38	AC Ace	Jackson-Moore, Love	1,971
39	AC Ace	Fuller, Day	1,971
40	Arnolt-Bristol	Arnolt, ——	1,971
41	Porsche	Shell, Von Frankenberg	1,587
42	Porsche	Behra, Barth	1,587
43	Porsche	Von Hanstein, Linge	1,498
44	Porsche	Bunker, De Beaufort	1,498
45	Porsche	Kunstle, Miles	1,498
46	Porsche	Wallace, Holbert	1,498
47	OSCA	Stetson, Beck	1,491
48	Elva	Wyllie, Wyllie	1,475
49	Lotus	Moran Jr., Ceresole	1,475
50	Alfa Romeo	Van Beuren, Velasquez	1,290
51	Alfa Romeo	Comito, Markelson	1,290
52	Alfa Romeo	Kaplan, Rainville	1,290
53	Stanguellini	Haas, Ross	1,098
54	Lotus	Chamberlain, Frost	1,096
55	Lotus	Chapman, Allison	1,096
56	Lotus	Weiss, Tallakson	1,096
57	Elva	Kolb, Baptista	1,098
58	Elva	Bentley, Bradley	1,098
59	Cooper	Sclavi, ——	1,098
60	OSCA	De Tomaso, De Tomaso	747
61	Deutsch Bonnet	Toland, Picart	749
62	Deutsch Bonnet	Hanna, Brown	749
63	Abarth-Fiat	Brumby, Aldhous	747
64	Abarth-Fiat	Kessinger, West	747
65	Abarth-Fiat	McCluggage, Levy	747

(The field will be completed from reserve entries.)

with the cream of the international corps, the best American road racers, the Indianapolis drivers Jim Rathmann and Pat O'Connor, and many talented American amateurs for whom Sebring has come to be the racing treat of the year.

Among the foreigners will be five from Britain who have not heretofore competed in the U.S.: Tony Brooks, Jack Fairman, Ron Flockhart, Ninian Sanderson and Archie Scott-Brown.

The field of cars will be the best yet; the European factories which keep the sport alive have done themselves proud. This is especially true of the most powerful cars. Aston Martin of England will have a strong two-car entry captained by Stirling Moss, the best active racing driver in the world. (The No. 1 driver, World Champion Juan Manuel Fangio, will lend his presence at Sebring but probably will not race.

Ferrari of Italy, world champion manufacturer in 1956 and 1957 and favorite to win a third consecutive title, will enter a three-car team bolstered by additional U.S.-owned Ferraris. The Ecurie Ecosse, a swashbuckling Scottish team whose D Jaguars won the premier event of this kind, the Le Mans 24-Hours, in 1956 and 1957, will make its American bow with two D Jaguars.

The chief novelty will be two streamlined racers from the tiny English shop of Brian Lister, powered by Jaguar engines and representing America's foremost enthusiast, Briggs Cunningham, and his associate, Alfred Momo. Cunningham may personally drive another car from his stable, a D Jaguar. Momo will call signals for the team via a two-way radio hookup rigged by the Vocaline radio and Gentex helmet people—the first time this has been tried on so large a scale.

Off-course the pace will be swift, with, among other things, a ball Thursday evening and a gymkhana and cavalcade for more than 40 antique and classic cars on Friday.

A few facts should be kept in mind if Sebring is to be appreciated fully. It is, above all, a unique U.S. event—the only American auto race in which the stars of the international circuit compete. It is a stop on the way to one of the two great international championships—that for manufacturers of sports cars. The other world title is for drivers, and is

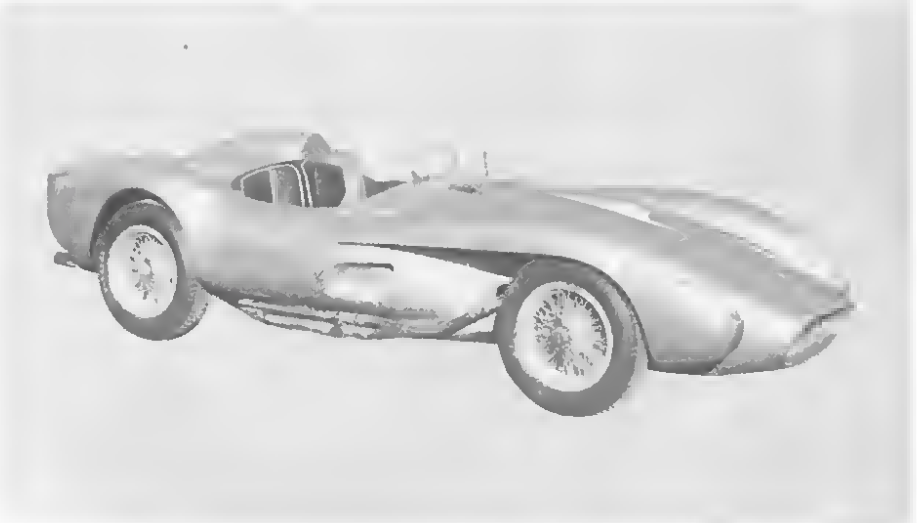
continued



LISTER-JAGUAR, most novel car for Sebring, combines chassis designed by Britain's Brian Lister and a 3-liter Jaguar engine. Said to be lighter and potentially faster than the well-known D Jaguar, it has a tubular frame and inboard disc brakes at the rear.



ASTON MARTIN DBR1, an outstanding car on the Continent in 1957, winner at the Nurburgring and at Spa, is a 3-liter, 6-cylinder racer with space frame and disc brakes. The Britons Tony Brooks (*above*) and Stirling Moss head a strong two-car team.



FERRARI 250TR, latest of the brilliant Italian line, has a 3-liter V-12 engine, derived from Ferrari touring car, and drum brakes. With 300 hp it is the most powerful of the over-all contenders. A topnotch factory team may make it the prerace favorite.

campaigned for in Grand Prix (specifically, Formula I) cars, not sports cars. Grand Prix is used in the Sebring title in its general sense of "great prize," not in its narrow sense of "all-out racing car."

Sports cars and Grand Prix cars differ from U.S. track racing cars in that they are designed to compete on roads, or simulated roads, rather than on elliptical tracks. Gearboxes and brakes are of secondary importance on track cars; they are vital in road racing. This is especially true of brakes at Sebring, because its 5.2 miles of airport runway and adjacent road, with long straights and sharp turns, make the world's most severe test of brakes.

A Grand Prix car is easy to spot, because it has cockpit space for a driver only and usually has no fenders. Sports cars come in two main varieties—the kind that can be driven in ordinary traffic, and the kind designed only to be raced. Both types must have fenders, headlights and spare tires. The cars shown on page 35 are good examples of all-out sports racing cars. At Sebring these are called sports cars and are segregated in the scoring from the tamer variety, which are called grand touring cars. The murderous thing about keeping all this straight is that these broad categories are further broken down into 11 separate classes, according to engine size. There are winners in these classes as well as one absolute winner, and there is, as well, a handicap winner. This is the car that rates best on a mathematical formula that is designed to put small cars on an equal footing with larger ones.

Classification by engine size is auto racing's equivalent of the scale of weights in prizefighting. Ferraris and the like are heavyweights, Porsches middleweights, etc. Engine size is always measured in road racing under the European metrical system. The cars shown are 3-liter racers, because the pistons of each operate through a total volume of 3 liters. A liter equals 1,000 cubic centimeters or 61 cubic inches or, for those who visualize poorly, about one Martini more than a quart. This is the favorite illustration of Art Peck, a sports car evangelist who will share a CBS radio microphone at Sebring with Walter Cronkite.

Cronkite and Peck will broadcast a 15-minute Sebring preview at 9:30 p.m. Friday; a five-minute report at 9:55 a.m. on race day; 10-minute progress reports at 1:30, 4:05, 6:05 and 8:35 p.m.; and the results from 10:05 to 10:25 p.m. All times are Eastern Standard. There will be race bulletins on CBS-radio hourly network newscasts.

Ferrari is the team to beat at Sebring, and Peter Collins and Phil Hill are the pair to watch. Limited to a maximum displacement of 3 liters in the championship race by the new rules, Enzo Ferrari has plucked the 3-liter V-12 engine from his very fast touring car, souped it up to 300 hp and placed it in a superb lightweight chassis for maximum effect. Two of these "250TR" cars placed one-two in the first round for the manufacturers' title, in Argentina in January, with Collins and Hill in the winner.

There is no doubt about Collins' ability to drive fast; there are some reservations about his ability to conserve the car, because last year he went so swiftly in the opening laps that he all but used up his brakes. The Briton's teammate is California's best driver and one of the very best Americans. Factory Drivers Wolfgang von Trips and Mike Hawthorn in a second 250TR and Luigi Musso and Olivier Gendebien in a third make the "prancing horse" formidable indeed. Domestic support comes from John von Neumann and Richie Ginther, John Fitch and Ed Martin, and Chet Flynn and Ed Hugus, all in 250TR models.

NO CINCH FOR FERRARIS

The Ferraris will be given absolutely no respite by the Aston Martin DBR1s. Moss and the sensational young Briton, Tony Brooks, are paired in what could well be the overall winner. Britain's steady Roy Salvadori and the brilliant American, Carroll Shelby, will drive the other DBR1.

Britain's Archie Scott-Brown, an old Lister hand, will share one of Cunningham's Lister-Jaguars with the American, Walt Hansgen, winner of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 1957 U.S. Sports Car Driver award. The other will be driven by the Indianapolis "500" veteran, Pat O'Connor, and another fast American, Ed Crawford.

The Lister-Jaguars and the standard D Jaguars of the Ecurie Ecosse will have the famed Jaguar XK 6-cylinder engine, with the length of the stroke cut down to fit the new regulation.

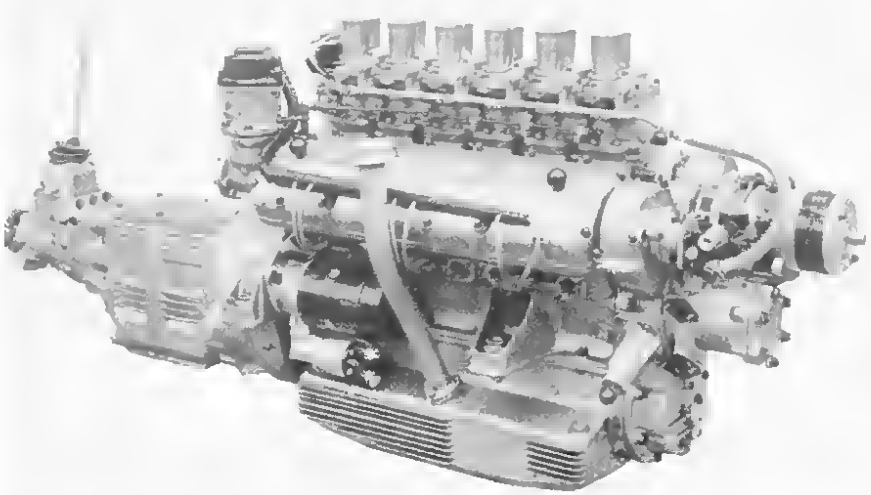
Salty Dave Murray, chief of the Scottish team, will show off his Le Mans winners, Ron Flockhart and Ivor Bueb, along with Ninian Sanderson, Jack Fairman and the very rapid American, Masten Gregory.

Now that Maserati has officially quit racing its cars will not be great threats. Two private 3-liter models have an outside chance.

Prodigies have been performed in the past by the ultralight, small-engined Porsche Spyders. At Sebring two of the latest 1,600-cc. models will get expert handling from Jean Behra, last year's co-winner with Fangio, Harry Shell, Richard von Frankenberg and Edgar Barth.

No wonder, then, that there are great expectations for Sebring. Its 12 hours should have enough sis-boom-bah for a dozen races. **END**

FERRARI ENGINE for 250TR racers, a V-12 workhorse with cylinders inclined at 60°, has six dual-throat Weber carburetors, dual overhead camshafts, 73-mm. bore, 58.8-mm. stroke. It weighs about 380 pounds and develops 300 hp at 7,200 rpm.





This interpretation of Robert the Bruce, Scotland's Prince of Warriors, at the Battle of Bannockburn, was painted especially for Chivas Regal by the artist Phil Hays. It vividly reproduces the effect of mosaic—the art form of ancient Byzantium, later highly developed in Italy.

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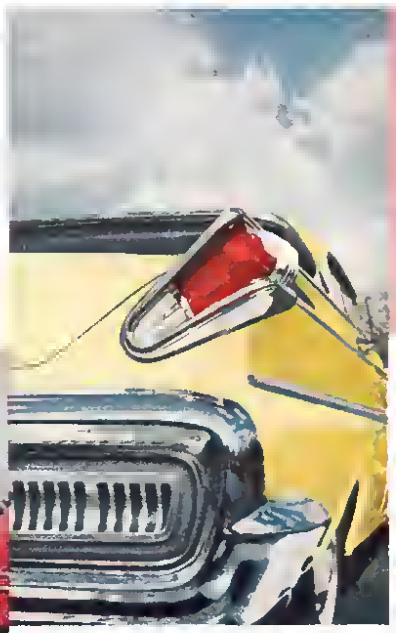
Scotland's Prince of Whiskies

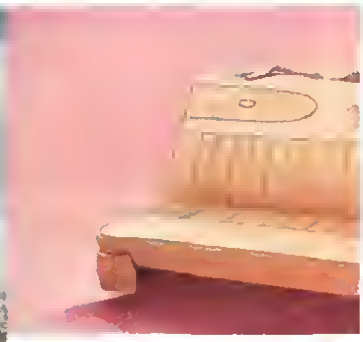
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CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

Friends and Fun in Uruguay

URUGUAY was bulging at the seams when a Regency Club bridge team, representing the U.S., arrived there to play in the first Pan-American championships at Punta del Este, beginning on Washington's Birthday, February 22.

Americans found a warm friend at court in the person of Miguel Paez Vilaró of Montevideo, proprietor of a chain of movie theaters and the self-appointed unofficial good-will agent of the Uruguayan people. A bridge player of some stature himself, he has done much to promote the sport in Uruguay—where, according to him, it has increased at least tenfold in the past two years. Expressing himself very cordially on the subject of my teammates, Paez Vilaró felt that the tournament made an important contribution in the field of good will, since the U.S. team, he said, was comprised of men so eminently suitable for the promotion of friendly relations between the U.S. and South American countries. He referred, of course, not only to the conduct of the individual players, but to the personification of international amity reflected by the fact that our team included Boris Koytchou, a former French champion, Constantin Platsis, shipping magnate and former ace in the Greek air force, and Ivan Wichfeld, a native of Denmark. Only half our U.S. team was native-born: Peter Leventritt (who with Koytchou was a member of my 1957 international team), Wingate Bixby, president of the Regency Club, and, of course, your reporter.

The local press was quite generous in its allotment of editorial space to the bridge championship, particularly since we dovetailed with the European Film Festival. Our final round was played amidst the arrival of movie-star delegations from France, Germany and Italy, who shared our headquarters at the beautiful Cantegril Country Club of Punta del Este.

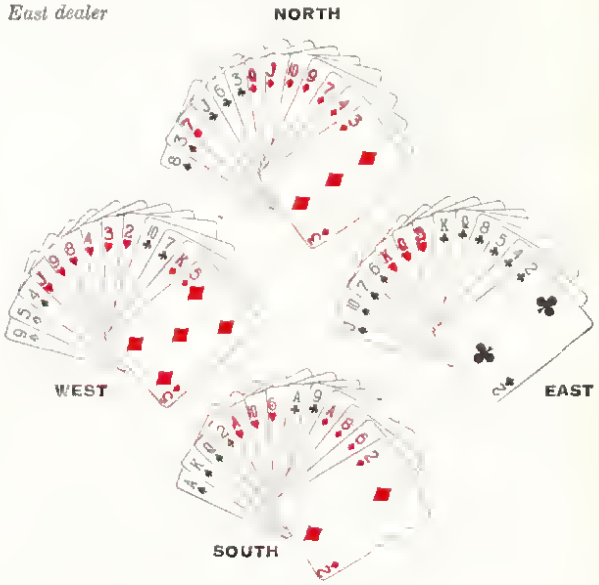
There were five teams opposing us—one each from Argentina, Brazil and Chile and two from Uruguay. In a round-robin series of contests the U.S. team succeeded in winning all of its matches to take the undisputed championship of the Pan-American Union. The title, however, was not decided until the conclusion of our final match against an Argentine team that was very much still in the running.

At the start of the tournament the Argentines were regarded as co-favorites. Many observers rated their lineup of Alejandro Castro, Alberto Blousson, Hector Kramer, Luis A. Schenone, Alfredo Saravia and Carlos Ottolenghi as more impressive than the team which had just returned from playing against Italy and the United States in the World Championship. Two of Argentina's strongest players, Kramer and Schenone, due to illness had been unable to play in the World Championship in Italy.

An Argentine victory in the final match would have thrown the tournament into a tie. However, the U.S. team finished strongly, in a match consisting of 60 deals and won by a margin which is roughly equivalent to 4,500 points.

The first of two crucial hands from this final match is the one presented below:

North and South vulnerable
East dealer



EAST (*Kramer*)	SOUTH (*Goren*)	WEST (*Castro*)	NORTH (*Leventritt*)
1 ♠	DOUBLE	PASS	2 ♦
PASS	2 NO TRUMP	PASS	3 ♦
PASS	3 NO TRUMP	PASS	5 ♦
PASS	6 ♦	PASS	PASS
PASS			

continued



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VICTORIOUS U.S. PLAYERS take a breather in the South American sun, showing off their summer finery outside Cantegril Country Club. They are Ivan Wichfeld, Peter Leventritt, Charles Goren, Boris Koytchou, Wingate Bixby, Constantin Platsis.

SUMMER IN URUGUAY *continued*

East opened the play with the king of hearts.

Leventritt, sitting North, became declarer at a contract of six diamonds. The bidding may appear to be a little exotic, particularly East's opening bid of one spade. This Argentine pair were experimenting with the Italian method which ruled out a club opening, for in their system such a bid designates a hand containing at least 17 points in high cards. East therefore chose to open with his rather emaciated holding in spades. Your reporter held the South hand and felt that East was trying to engineer a bit of highway robbery. It was close point whether or not to make an immediate cue bid, but the ultimate decision was in favor of a take-out double.

Leventritt dutifully bid two diamonds, and your reporter restrained himself with a bid of two no trump, feeling that no stronger bid was acceptable if it turned out that North had nothing. North did not take kindly to the no-trump bid and went on to three diamonds, hoping that partner would subside. I was in no mood to give up and, trusting to a favorable diamond break, went on to three no trump. Leventritt then decided to contract for game in diamonds, and, inspired by the holding of four aces, your correspondent went on to six diamonds.

An opening lead of the king of clubs would have scuttled the ship, but there is no fault to be found in East's choice of the king of hearts. This was won with the ace, and a heart was ruffed in the North hand, and the queen of diamonds led. When East showed out Leventritt went up with the ace of diamonds and trumped the remaining heart. A diamond placed the lead with West, and the 10 of clubs came back. This was won with the ace and, as Leventritt ran all his diamonds, East found it impossible to hold on to his club trick and also protect dummy's spades.

The score recorded for the Americans was 1,370 points and represented an enormous swing, inasmuch as the Argentine North-South pair in the other room played the hand at three no trump, to which South had leaped and which North was reluctant to disturb. A heart opening by West established the suit at once, and the king of diamonds afforded West a sure re-entry to cash the balance of the heart suit for a two-trick set and another 200 points for the U.S.

In the next deal, a daring defensive play by Boris Koytchou defeated what appeared to be an invincible game contract and further increased the U.S. score.

Both vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
♠ A 6 3
♥ J 8 4
♦ 9 4 2
♣ A K 7 2

WEST
♠ 9 7 2
♥ K Q 9 6 3
♦ K 5
♣ J 10 8

EAST
♠ K 5
♥ A 10 7 5 2
♦ 8 7 3
♣ Q 9 5

SOUTH
♠ Q J 10 8 4
♥ none
♦ A Q J 10 6
♣ 6 4 3

NORTH (*Blousson*)	EAST (*Leventritt*)	SOUTH (*Ottolenghi*)	WEST (*Koytchou*)
PASS	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
4 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

North, holding only 12 points and an evenly balanced hand, elected to pass. South's bid of one spade in third position is acceptable procedure and, though North's jump to four spades with only three trumps is somewhat irregular, the final contract of four spades is irreproachable.

The king of hearts was opened and ruffed by declarer. When the spade finesse lost to East, a heart came back, and declarer chose to discard one of his losing clubs to avoid being forced too early. West won and led a third round of hearts which South ruffed. Declarer then led a trump to the ace and led the 9 of diamonds for the finesse. Without the sign of a tremor, Koytchou played low despite his doubleton. The finesse was repeated, of course, and West won. Now Koytchou led a fourth round of hearts, putting declarer out of business. If he ruffed in the closed hand, West's 9 of spades would become established; if he ruffed with North's low spade he would have no way of exiting from dummy without permitting West's spade to score.

Now for a holiday from bridge I shall take myself to Buenos Aires, where just 10 years ago I made my first South American bridge tour, with two of my current teammates, Peter Leventritt and Wingate Bixby. During that trip we became friends with Alejandro Castro, then (as now) the Argentine bridge captain. Then back to "winter in March" for the spring national championships in Atlantic City, climaxed by the Vanderbilt Team of Four event that will help to decide next year's World Championship entry. **END**



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BASKETBALL / *Jeremiah Tax*

. . . And then there were four

That's all that are left of the close to 200 major college teams who started the season with hope, at least, of winning the national title

THE vast elimination tournament which began last December—to determine the best basketball team in the nation—comes to its climax this week in Louisville when the four survivors of regular-season schedules and regional playoffs meet in two nights of showdown competition. Friday, Seattle and Kansas State play for the western title, Temple and Kentucky play for the eastern title. The two winners decide the national championship the next night.

Despite the presence of fine teams, NCAA semifinal and final rounds seldom produce topflight basketball, but at the same time the games are usually close, heart-stopping affairs. The tension—wracking for coaches and players alike—tends to level out the quality of play as everyone strives desperately to avoid the small errors which can cancel a team's justifiable bid for top ranking built painstakingly over a long season. In such a situation, it is usually the team with most experience and poise (North Carolina last year) which is able to perform closest to its potential—but in this critical category there is little to choose among this year's semifinalists. Only two sophomores have won starting positions on the four teams: Temple's Bill Kennedy and Seattle's Don Ogorek. And the other four Temple starters are seniors, while Seattle's are thoroughly experienced juniors at least.

Poise, however, is also acquired through stiffness of regular-season competition, and in this respect all three other teams appear to have the edge over Seattle. Kansas State's Big Eight and Kentucky's Southeastern schedules were singularly testing this year, and Temple's half Mid-Atlantic, half Independent opponents were nearly as tough. One final ingredient will determine a team's stability under fire: the character of the one man on the floor who leads, thinks for and sets up the plays for the four others. Here, Temple has a decided advantage in the brilliant, graceful Guy Rodgers, key player in Coach Harry Litwack's effective zone defense and director and ball handler on the fast break. There is no better strategist or feeder on campus today than Rodgers—and few in the pro ranks. The glue in the Kentucky works is Center Ed Beck, intelligent, strong defensively but lacking in the natural aggressiveness necessary for generalship. The Wildcats, however, play a highly disciplined, strictly patterned offense, preconceived (usually accurately) by Coach Adolph Rupp to take maximum advantage of an opponent's weak spots, and if they start off well, simple momentum rather than floor direction keeps them going. They screen beautifully for John Cox and Adrian Smith, and Beck hands off superbly to Vernon Hatton and John Crigler from his high post. When Kentucky and Temple meet on Friday night, Temple will be out to avenge an early-season, triple-overtime, two-point loss to Kentucky on Kentucky's home court. The pick here is Temple.

Kansas State's none-too-mobile offense is run by Guards Roy DeWitz

THE SEMIFINALISTS AT LOUISVILLE

TEAM	RECORD	POINTS BY	AGAINST
TEMPLE (MID-ATLANTIC)	26-2	2,070	1,634
KENTUCKY (SOUTHEASTERN)	21-6	2,021	1,685
SEATTLE (INDEPENDENT)	22-5	2,077	1,624
KANSAS STATE (BIG EIGHT)	22-3	1,772	1,521

REBOUNDING: Seattle has best record, but compiled against weakest schedule. K-State has edge in front-line height. Kentucky above average and well balanced at both ends of court. Temple's relentless pursuit of ball brings fine results on offensive board; only fair on defensive board. Rating: 1—K-State; 2—Seattle; 3—Kentucky; 4—Temple.

SHOOTING ACCURACY: Seattle first with 45%-plus percentage, led by Frizzell and Baylor; other three teams fairly even around 40%. K-State's height advantage will help in final rounds. Kentucky's excellent screening and Temple's great speed upcourt are balancing factors. Rating: 1—Seattle; 2—K-State; 3—Temple; 4—Kentucky.

DEFENSE: Temple and Seattle have greatest margin (16 points) over opponents in regular season games—Temple with tough, tenacious zone exclusively. Kentucky and Seattle strictly man-for-man; K-State switches. All four are fast-breaking clubs, and Temple's speed should be big asset in getting back to set up zone. Rating: 1—Temple; 2—Kentucky; 3—K-State; 4—Seattle.

and Don Matuszak; yet the bellwether of the team is neither of these, nor is it the high-scoring Bob Boozer —but Center Jack Parr. This extremely likable but moody young man lifts or depresses the playing morale of his team by his performances in the early minutes of a game. His blocks and rebounds on defense (magnificent, for example, against Kansas' Wilt Chamberlain earlier this year) can elate and spark K-State to heights of brilliant basketball. His unbelievably soft hooks from as far out as 20 feet confound any defense. With Boozer and Wally Frank, he helps make up a front line that stands 6 feet 8, 6 feet 9, 6 feet 8. Coach Tex Winter, who has handled Parr with the affection and concern of a father all year, must bring his center to Louisville ready for his best effort or suffer the sight of his team through an indifferent exhibition.

Seattle, too, has its bellwether in the sharpshooting Elgin Baylor, but this is strictly a free-lancing team which can be ignited by any of three or four good outside shots—Baylor, Ogorek, Jerry Frizzell and Charlie Brown. When Seattle meets K-State Friday night, their famed fast break should be stalled as often as not by State's height and tenacity under the boards, and they will have to rely on outside shooting. Since they are good at it, they should push State to the limit, but the choice must be Kansas State.



KANSAS STATE'S UMBRELLA defense is typified by Roy DeWitz, Bob Boozer and Jack Parr (*from left*) who surround Cincinnati's Wayne Stevens during State's 83-80 win.

The tournament's early rounds produced a number of extremely hard-fought games and spectacular upsets, which must be taken into account in any evaluation of the semifinalists. Seattle's finely fashioned victory over San Francisco, considered by many the best in the nation, was not only important in itself. It gave the Chieftains a momentum of morale which carried them through the following night's hard test against California and will bring them to Louisville in high spirits and persuaded that they are the team to beat. It is a significant advantage.

Though Kentucky was an 11-point favorite over Notre Dame, their 89-56 romp over the Irish was still a surprise. But it cannot be overlooked that the game was played on Kentucky's home court, where the Wildcats have lost but once this year. At the same time, they have been beaten by five teams of varying ability on the road. True enough, Louisville is only 75 miles from Lexington, but the home-court edge will still be lost —and experts have calculated it as high as 10 points.

It is a tossup whether Kansas State's hard-fought overtime victory over Cincinnati sharpened them for Louisville or, coming as it did after a typically rugged Big Eight schedule, exhausted them further. The game itself, of course, was a never-to-be-forgotten thriller for the 17,000 who jammed the Lawrence, Kans. fieldhouse. Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson had difficulty piercing State's 1-3-1 zone defense which was deliberately set to keep him away from the base line. Despite it, he demonstrated again perhaps the finest offensive sense on campus this year. But he also showed either a lack of interest or ability on defensive assignments, which is disappointing in a player with his natural talent. State won the game on the strength of superior rebounding (52 to 37)—in every other important category the teams were practically equal. Rebounding may be the key at Louisville also.

Temple had to scramble to edge well-drilled Maryland but were never in trouble against Dartmouth and are now riding a 25-game winning streak. In addition, they look forward to the rematch with Kentucky—Rodgers especially being determined to close out his All-America career in victory. Their vastly underrated Jay Norman can handle anyone on rebounds except Kansas State's big men.

If the semifinals go as predicted above, the championship round will be a contest primarily between Temple's speed and K-State's height. In such a match, speed must be somewhat downgraded because a team's speed is a minor factor if it cannot win possession on the boards, and State should dominate here. On the other hand, State has not run up against the likes of Rodgers when it comes to ball hawking.

A crystal ball would help on this one. You take your pick. We take Kansas State. **END**

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Profit in Paradise

Booming Phoenix, capital of the Mountain Circuit, adds a service to racing

WHEN most Thoroughbred fans contemplate racing in our great western states the only tracks that come readily to mind are those palatial California establishments, Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. Very little is known—outside the western states—of a whole new wonderful world of racing which accentuates fun and minor opportunity for the average horseman instead of wealth and publicity for the big-name stable owner.

There is in the West today a highly profitable secondary racing circuit encompassing hundreds of thousands of square miles and ranging all the way from Caliente in Old Mexico, eastward through New Mexico to Denver and Omaha, and north to Tucson, Seattle, Spokane, Great Falls, Mont. and Vancouver. The names of the tracks in this minor league—like Rillito Park, La Mesa Park, Ruidoso Downs, Longacres, Playfair, Centennial Park—may not ring proudly in terms of attendance, pari-mutuel handle, or the quality of horses stabled there, but nonetheless it is in just this sort of circuit that are buried the very roots of racing—roots which extend from the earliest quarter horse winner-take-all match race over a rough and often dangerous strip, to the glory of a day when the whole racing world stood to salute a team of Arizona ranchers named Rex Ellsworth and Mish Tenney when they took the great Swaps out of the West to win the Kentucky Derby.

The secondary western circuit—often called the Mountain Circuit—has a winter capital in the growing community of Phoenix, Arizona. There, in an area where the metropolitan population has grown from 262,000 to 380,000 in five years, the race course known as Turf Paradise has been setting a fast pace for the last two years.

Walter R. Cluer, the mastermind behind Turf Paradise, is both an experienced horseman and a successful Phoenix construction company executive. Cluer built his track 14 miles from downtown Phoenix, out in the desert. In 1954 he bought 1,400 acres of land at prices ranging from $250 to $1,250 an acre. Today, barely two years after Turf Paradise first opened, the land around is selling for between $2,500 and $3,000 an acre. And while already more than 210 new manufacturing concerns have started operations in Phoenix since 1951, the city is getting ready for the biggest invasion yet of electrical and precision tool manufacturers—most of them, as Cluer had long estimated, planning to move directly northwest of the city and as directly in line with the inviting gates of Turf Paradise.

The racing plant itself is ready now for its new clients. Built at a cost of $2½ million, it has 5,000 permanent seats and could handle 15,000 with little trouble. With the extra acreage which the track owns it could some day park 28,000 cars, and there's nothing but space in every direction (except up into the Squaw Peak



"In your language, 310 camelpower."

range) for additional facilities. The barns, containing 844 stalls, are solid concrete with steel doors and are 100% fireproof. On one side of the mile track (which when dry is certainly one of the fastest in the country) is a 3,200-foot landing strip for private planes, and across from it the Turf Club is as luxurious and attractive as anything yet offered in California or Florida. In short, Turf Paradise is all that its name implies.

The racing here is conducted by two independent groups in complete harmony. One of the meetings, logically enough, is known simply as Turf Paradise. The other, a 40-day meeting now in progress under the able general managership o Jim Herbuveaux, is known as Arizona Downs at Turf Paradise.

Turf Paradise is, of course, a long way from being a threat to California as a profitable place to go winter racing. The average crowd for its four racing days each week is about 4,300, and the daily handle only around $160,000 (a record crowd of 7,100 recently showed up on a Sunday when Willie Shoemaker flew in to ride one of Ellsworth's horses, and on that day the handle was $248,576). The result is that the track can little afford extravagance in purse distribution: a $1,000 minimum on Wednesdays and weekends, and an $800 minimum on Fridays. The biggest stakes are $5,000 (there are only three of them during the whole season), but for a man dealing with horses worth up to $3,000, $5,000 in prize money can look mighty appealing.

There is a definite place in racing for tracks like Turf Paradise. They offer opportunities for the smaller owner whose stock is not good enough to get him into the big leagues but who surely belongs in horse racing just the same. At the same time many a large California stable (Rex Ellsworth and Andy Crevolin, just to name two) can split into two divisions and send one string around the Mountain Circuit. They offer a training ground for young riders, a lot of whom at Turf Paradise are just discovering that the newly installed film patrol has a keen eye. If the progressive Walter Cluer and Jim Herbuveaux can continue to boost their business by 15% each year (as they did last season), they'll not only make a small profit for the first time in 1958, but in effect will also be shouting, "Turf Paradise is in business in a big way—and for keeps." END

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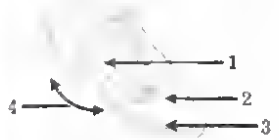


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Tip from the Top

KATHY CORNELIUS, *Miami Valley GC, Dayton, Ohio*

Putting the long ones

ONE of the less conspicuous factors in any good round of golf is sound, steady approach putting. Regularly getting the long ones up close so that the second putt is a relatively routine tap-in—this takes a lot of worry and tension off your shoulders and promotes a comfortable frame of mind.

It helps in approach putting if you think primarily in terms of getting the distance right. Since I hit my short putts with a tap stroke, I find my feeling for distance is best if I tap the long putts too. I use a little free motion going back but I do not take the club back far. On the forward stroke. I try to "dead-wrist" it after impact. This, I realize, is an odd expression and I will explain it as best I can. After impact, whatever follow-through there is comes from the momentum and weight of the clubhead itself, not from any continued through-movement by the hands and wrists. Dead-wristing the putt gives me the sense of tap I like to have.

In regard to lining up, I follow the same fundamentals on long putts as on the short ones. I rest the left elbow lightly on the left hip bone. Both toes are on the same line, and, similarly, the knees, hips and shoulders are evenly aligned. This, I believe, helps develop a uniform motion and a square blade.



NEXT WEEK: *Jay Hebert on playing the long irons*

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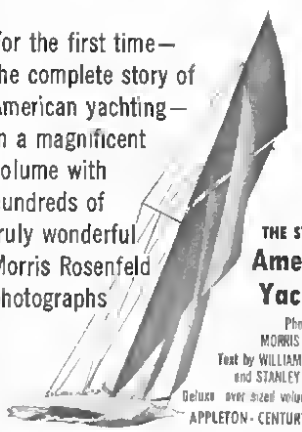
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BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

Pulling out of a slump

35 This example of mutual resistance stretches back, hamstring muscles

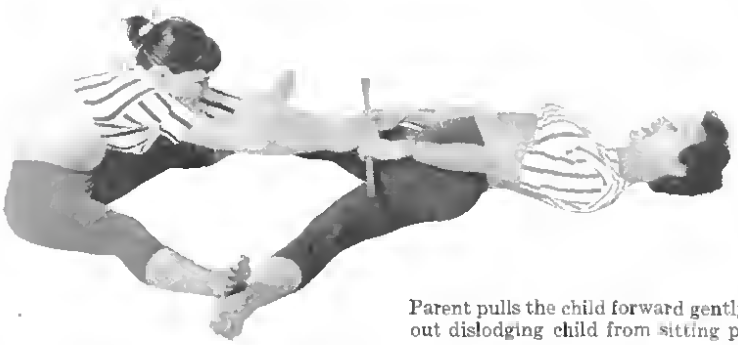
This week's three-part invention demonstrated by Bonnie and her daughter Suzy is another type of resistance exercise, where the aim is to achieve balance and not to overcome the partner. Be sure to proceed slowly and go only as far as you can without painful strain. The exercise will stretch the back and hamstring muscles and is good for straightening backs which have become round from constant sitting. Small children usually have the straight back Suzy shows in the first picture, but it often is lost by the time they reach school age. This simple exercise will help them retain or regain it.



Facing each other with legs widespread, child's feet inside the parent's, grasp small stick, straighten back, hold for five counts.



Child rolls back slowly, pulling parent forward as far as the child's leg muscles allow.



Parent pulls the child forward gently, without dislodging child from sitting position

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SPORTING LOOK / *Jo Ahern Zill*



Bill Atkinson

Special Wardrobe for the Gentlewoman Golfer



Sports Illustrated's American Sportswear Design Award winner of 1957 gives lady golfers what they want to wear

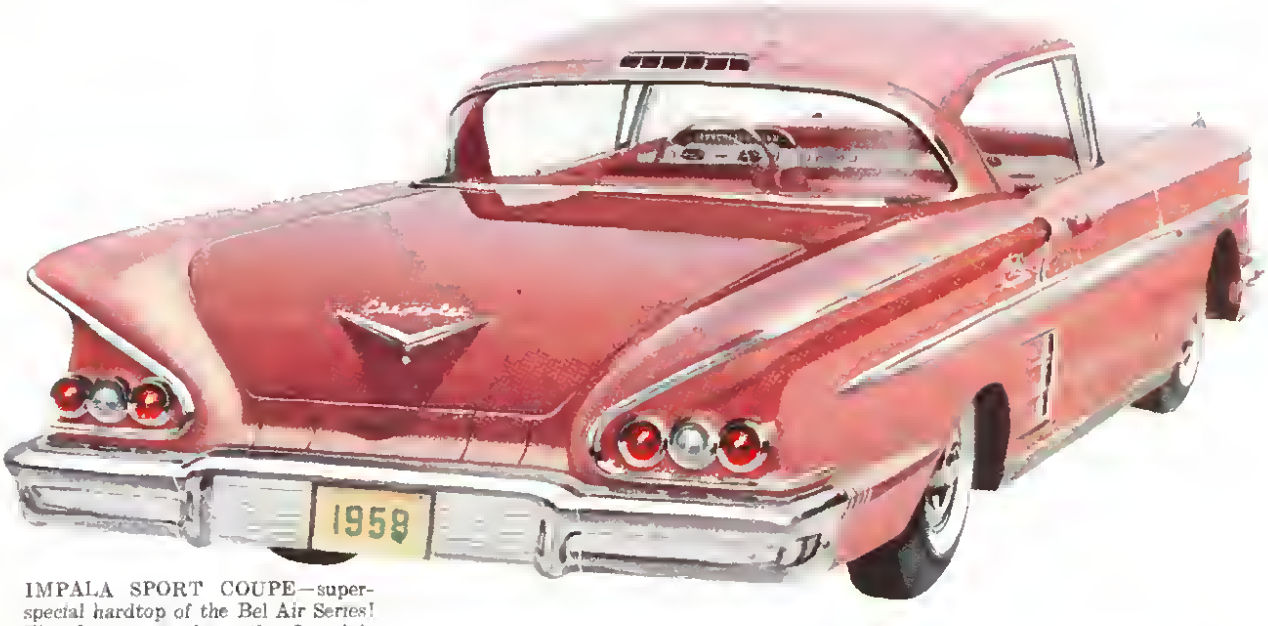
WOMEN golfers have been discovering Bill Atkinson, a sports-minded sportswear designer, just about as fast as he has been discovering them. Last spring, as the golfing season was getting into full swing, Atkinson-designed shorts and jackets, several of which were featured in the pages of this magazine (SI, March 25, 1957), disappeared from stores as fast as they arrived.

This year Atkinson, winner of the Designer of the Year award in 1957, has worked with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on a special spring collection devoted entirely to the ladies of the greensward. On these pages is his "Fairways" collection, previewed by golfers in Dallas and Houston, where golf is a year-round preoccupation. The group has an eyebrow-raiser in a pair of tattersall knickers (*opposite*), made of a new Zelanized (water-repellent) Galey & Lord fabric which typifies new materials developed for heavy-duty sportswear. A matching golf hat keeps sun out of the eyes and rain off the back of the neck, and colored knee hose give the ensemble an appropriately finished look. The clothes can be purchased at the following stores: Lord & Taylor, I. Magnin Co., Neiman-Marcus Co., Goldwater's, Kaufmann's, Marshall Field, Burdine's, J. L. Hudson.

Photographs by Richard Meek

At Brook Hollow Golf Club, Dallas are Mrs. Jack Munger (left) *in blue poplin jacket with zippered pockets ($15), slim skirt ($15); Mrs. Thomas W. Blake Jr.* (opposite) *in knickers ($13), Oxford shirt ($10), hat ($5); and Mrs. J. E. R. Chilton Jr. in willow jacket ($15), matching Bermuda shorts ($15).*





IMPALA SPORT COUPE—super-special hardtop of the Bel Air Series! There's no mistaking the Impala's fine Fisher Body. Like all other Chevrolet models, it has Safety *Plate* Glass all around for sharper seeing.



BEL AIR SPORT COUPE—it's easy to see why this one's so popular. Here's dashing hardtop styling with a colorful, comfortable interior!



BEL AIR 4-DOOR SEDAN—looks big and roomy, and it *is!* All new Chevrolets are nine lively inches longer, four inches wider. All are lower, too.



BEL AIR 2-DOOR SEDAN—a beauty, all right, and built solidly. New Safety-Girder frame accounts for that firm feeling on the road



BROOKWOOD 4-DOOR 6-PASSENGER—you get bigger tires and springs . . . and 88 cubic feet of load space with the rear seat folded!



DELRAY 4-DOOR SEDAN—the beautiful way to be *extra* thrifty. There's fresh styling and fine appointments, too, in this lowest priced series!



DELRAY UTILITY SEDAN—and here's the beautiful way to be businesslike. This Delray's rear compartment was *made* for salesmen's samples!

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BEL AIR SPORT SEDAN—with Turbo-Thrust V8* and Turhoglide,* you'd have the smoothest power combination in Chevrolet's class.



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BISCAYNE 4-DOOR SEDAN—in Chevrolet's middle priced series. Biscaynes, you'll notice, have a bright look of beauty that's all their own!



BISCAYNE 2-DOOR SEDAN—ready to take you for a super-smooth ride with Full Coil suspension at all 4 wheels! New air ride* is also offered.



BROOKWOOD 4-DOOR 9-PASSENGER—you can take half the neighborhood to school in this one! Upholstery is easy to keep clean.



DELRAY 2-DOOR SEDAN—you'll save with a Delray and still get everything Chevy's famous for: smooth ride, easy handling, real performance!



YEOMAN 4-DOOR 6-PASSENGER—comes with any one of Chevrolet's superh new engines. For biggest savings, choose the new 145-h.p. Six.



YEOMAN 2-DOOR 6-PASSENGER—pile the family in and you're out for a good time; put in a cargo (up to a ½ ton) and you've got a real worker!

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*Optional at extra cost.



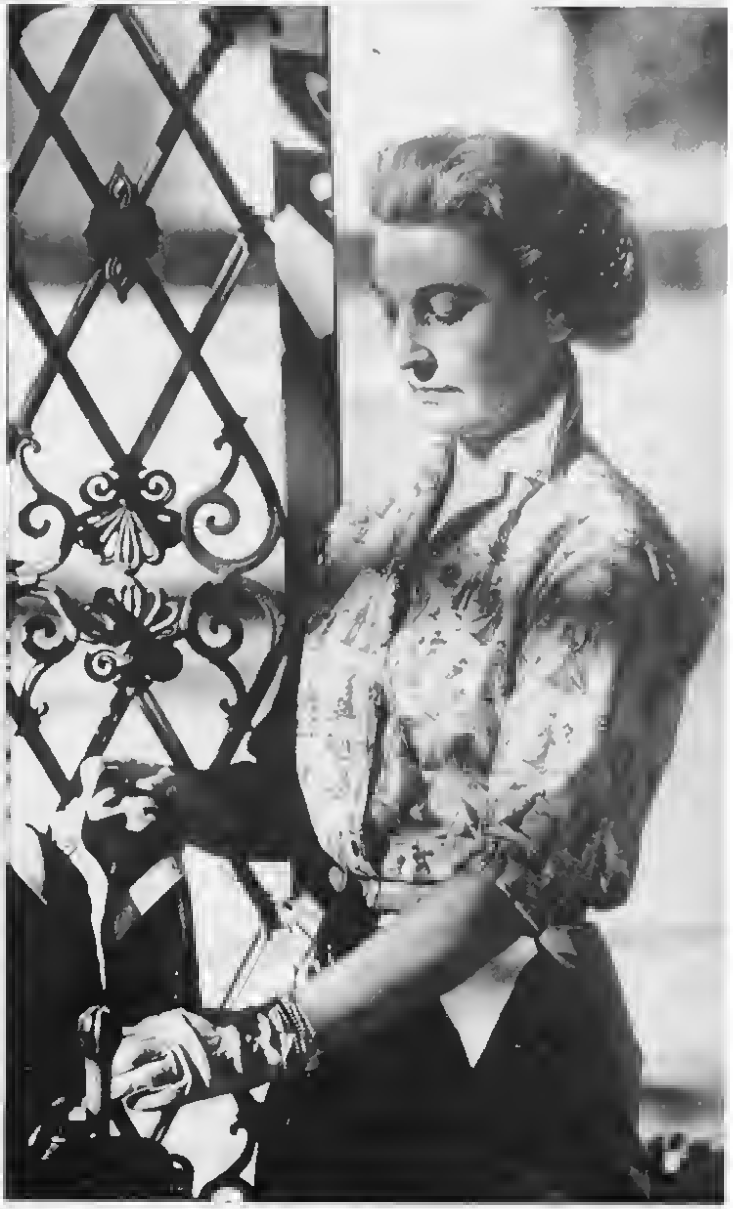
Crisp as practice chip shots are the crease-resistant oxford shirt ($9) and foulard-printed skirt ($13) worn by Mrs. Louis Pearce Jr. at River Oaks. The matching blue-green knee socks are fine English rib knit (Mavis, $1.25).

A Houston sportswoman and president of River Oaks Women's Golf Assn., Mrs. Duke Selig wears golf slacks ($17) and jacket ($15) of crease-resistant poplin with oxford shirt ($9). She likes outfit for Texas hunting too.





Golfers requested a pocket, one deep enough to hold eyeglasses and cigarets, in the knitted shirts which they favor for their stay-in-place qualities. This one, of knitted stripe ($8), has a stitched-down envelope flap to keep contents from falling out.



To remind ladies of their tradition in the field, and right to the tee, even on Saturdays and Sundays, a printed fabric depicting women golfers of 1890 is made into a shirt ($12). Ruth Chilton wears it with color-coordinated tournament cloth shorts.



Back view of the golf pants opposite shows the pockets which are copied from men's golf slacks. Flat paraphernalia such as tees, pencils, score cards can be unobtrusively stowed away here. The fabric, called tournament cloth (J. P. Stevens), is crease-resistant.

ROBINSON–BASILIO

continued from page 20

be fighting a man who has proved he can take the Robinson punch, as Fullmer could not.

That is the common sense of it. What Robinson has going for him in this fight is largely superstition (Chicago has been a "lucky" town for him, "unlucky" for Basilio) and the memory of what he used to be. Even the superstition doesn't quite stand up for Robinson, though he first won the middleweight title in Chicago against Jake LaMotta, knocked out Rocky Graziano there and beat Olson and Fullmer there. But Chicago luck did him no good against Tiger Jones, who almost wrecked his comeback campaign with a 10-round victory three years ago and never could get a rematch.

The memory of what Robinson used to be returns to his muscles and reflexes now and then in a big fight, as it did last September when Basilio beat him in 15 rounds. There were moments in the fight, and not a few of them, when the Sugar Ray of the glory days seemed born again. But the renascence was in each case much too brief, and that is largely how he lost the fight. Basilio fought full three-minute rounds, never looked brilliant but always looked tough. Robinson fought in flurries.

The flurries were just magnificent, though. With a year or two more of youth on his side, and a year or two less of games and gaiety, Robinson might well have kept his title. At least a couple of his punches were good enough to stagger Basilio.

Those punches, or more like them, are Robinson's big hope. He may rely also on a tendency of Chicago officials to score more heavily on a good defensive showing than is customary elsewhere in the country. He has proved against Fullmer and Basilio that his dancing legs can carry him through 15 rounds without trouble, provided he doesn't use them too much in pursuit of his man.

Well, he won't have to pursue little Carmen. So it could go the distance again.

It could end in another disputed decision, too. Quite a surprising lot of watchers, especially those who saw it on theater television, believed Robinson won the first fight. But Basilio's strong finish, capped by an 11th-round exhibition of pure fury, earned Basilio the decision in the minds of most ringsiders. The 11th saw Robinson driven to the ropes, where only his superb ring wisdom and Basilio's suddenly amateurish eagerness prevented what seemed like an inevitable knockout. A fighter who is ordinarily contemptuous of head-hunters and believes in the virtue of a sound hook to the belly, Basilio forgot his precepts and concentrated on Robinson's well-protected head.

AGE AFFECTS TIMING

He made another tactical error in the early rounds by electing to fight Robinson from an upright stance. He did this because one of Robinson's finest weapons is an uppercut delivered against a crouching fighter. The stance taught him that Robinson has other fine weapons, too, and he quickly shifted to his natural bobbing, weaving style. The shift disclosed that age has affected Sugar Ray's timing on moving targets. He missed repeatedly, and at times when he clearly hoped for a knockout the punches landed in harmless areas or after their maximum force had been spent. Such punches, which do not show clearly on television, or even a few rows back from true ringside, may have accounted for disputes about the decision.

In watching next week's fight it might be well to note how much of each round Robinson spends in actual fighting, how much in resting himself for a spectacular flurry just before the close. He is a better actor than Rocky Graziano, you might say, when it comes to going through the motions without seriously expending an energy that must now be conserved if he is to last through a long bout.

What Sugar Ray needs in this fight is a knockout. These days he loses decisions to rugged, durable fighters like Fullmer and Basilio, men who have the youth and strength to force their kind of fight on him, who can counteract his skills with a kind of desperate doggedness.

He may get his knockout, though it did seem pretty well established last September that Basilio can absorb Sugar Ray's best and come back to inflict dreadful punishment of his own. Basilio never has been knocked out, but neither had Gene Fullmer until he invited a Robinson hook by advancing on one of the ring's great punchers with his guard down.

One of the features of the fight is that in some parts of the country it will be shown on closed-circuit TV in fight arenas as well as movie houses. Some arenas will present live fights as preliminaries, then drop screens on the four sides of the ring for the televised main event. Others, and some movie houses, plan to show the films of the first fight.

That will make it a long evening of Basilio and Robinson but a fight fan couldn't spend it better. Despite the long 9 to 5 odds, which may shorten, this will be a suspenseful affair right from the weighin.

The choice here is with the odds and for Basilio. Robinson can't keep coming back forever, can he?

—MARTIN KANE



"Flicka could beat the whole bunch!"

GIANTS
continued from page 18

a good town, a knowing town, it is far better for the Giants to gamble on hope than to cosy mediocrity close to the vest.

And, who knows, perhaps this blend of youth and age—coupled with the presence of the fair pitching and that center fielder (Willie Mays, *that's* the name)—will give the Giants sufficient balance, sufficient depth, to turn them into a consistent, pleasing ball club. Perhaps even to the point—oh, rapture—of beating out that club from Los Angeles.

Mr. Feeney waves his cigar optimistically and agrees.

—ROBERT CREAMER

DODGERS
continued from page 19

coach, which puts the current manager, Walter Alston, a quiet, contemplative man, in an awkward position—like that of sharing an upper berth with your wife's garrulous first husband. With the exception of Casey Stengel, no one can talk longer or more enthusiastically about baseball than Charlie Dressen. What's more, he can be understood. Charlie is always ready with advice. Don Zimmer was swinging too hard; Charlie told him to choke up on the bat. Charlie Neal is a good base runner but lacks polish; Dressen is busy shining. Some of the Dodgers need an occasional kick in the pants; Charlie's right foot is poised. And when the manager is wondering who to pitch one day next August, Charlie will have a man in mind. His presence on the team will be of tremendous value.

Also of value will be the new setting into which the Dodgers will soon arrive. Playing in front of new and enthusiastic crowds may give the old pros a lift. The climate, too, should help. Los Angeles spring afternoons are warm and the summer nights are cool. Even the schedule is favorable. The Dodgers play their first 27 games in California.

One can't help feeling that perhaps this team could win. If Reese can still play shortstop, if they do get a first-rate catcher, maybe if Snider's knee —but what's the use? It is always a sad, sad thing to have to face the fact that a beloved old champ cannot come back.

—WALTER BINGHAM





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AT BETTER STORES

Footloose in Two Cities

In Los Angeles and San Francisco, the local sights and soup kitchens are as different as the ball parks—and as full of potential surprises

by HORACE SUTTON

THE DIFFERENCES between Los Angeles and San Francisco, which have been discussed in words poetic by everyone from a visiting orthographer to a visiting O'Malley, are nowhere more apparent than in a comparison of the ball parks in which the emigrant teams will exercise this summer. Los Angeles Memorial Stadium, otherwise known as the Coliseum, the new playground of the Dodgers, is a historic oval in the greening acreage of Exposition Park, perhaps 40 minutes from the Sunset Strip and 20 minutes from downtown L.A. Picnickers and shorts-wearing strollers promenade in its bucolic surroundings. Tall palms shinny up the cement walls like small boys seeking a free look inside. Banana fronds and orange birds-of-paradise blooming in a font in front of the gates will be a startling sight to the Dodgers, whose greenest memory of Brooklyn includes nothing more pastoral than a ripe raspberry.

At the outset anyway, no such vaunted arena awaits the Giants when they arrive in San Francisco. Little Seals Stadium is tucked away in a frumpy neighborhood, $2 by cab from downtown. From the stands the view looks over the backfield to the rise of Potrero Hill, where the bohemians are moving, so it is said, because they can no longer afford Telegraph Hill. Beyond, the view expands to the bay and to Oakland climbing the hills in the distance. Stempel's doughnut works next door sends intoxicating odors into the seats with every updraft, and immediately behind the grandstand Hamm's brewery puffs smoke like a contemplative spectator.

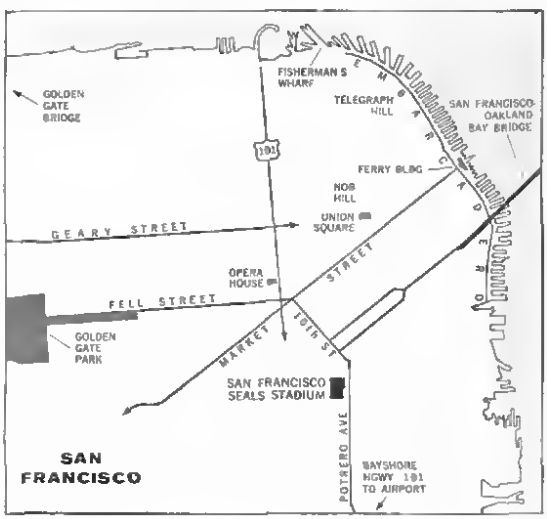
Much has been made of the cuisine available by the bay, and it is certainly true that in San Francisco many a battle of the waistline has been lost on the playing fields of eatin'. But in addition to the Giants and groceries Baytown can keep a visiting ball fan busy at a variety of endeavors.

FOR instance, on free afternoons before night games, an *Ausländer* with time on his hands can, for 15¢, board the cable car at its Market Street turntable, down where San Francisco lives on a rational plateau. Sitting on an outside bench with a freshet blowing in from the sea, the passenger can without effort climb up the famed hills, past Bernstein's Fish Grotto and Sears', famous for its 18 pancakes. The end of the line is anchored by the Buena Vista, a bohemian saloon which offers 40 kinds of beer, including Swiss, Norwegian, and oyster stout from the Isle of Man. A plaque marks the spot where Columnist Stanton Delaplane introduced Irish coffee to the United States.

It's two blocks down the street to Fisherman's Wharf, where seagulls and tourists stroll along Jefferson Street and the giant cracked crabs boil in pots and are in season from November 15 until the first of August. You can view Alcatraz through a telescope for a quarter, or take a bay cruise, or pick at a walkaway seafood cocktail, or sign up for a fishing boat that ties up at Tarantino's and puts out for salmon. And the seafood houses that hang over the wharf serve sour-dough French bread and abalone steak, bay shrimp no bigger than a hangnail, and hangtown fry, which is fried oysters in a three-egg omelet, pancake style with a strip of bacon on top, a holdover from the Forty-Niner days.

Lunch is very masculine at Jack's, which has veteran black-suited waiters, potted palms and a small stand-up bar. Gents roll for drinks, and there are regulars who have been coming five days a week for over 30 years. San Francisco calls it a no-nonsense restaurant. Ladies and gents lunch together in the Garden Court of the Palace Hotel, now the Sheraton-Palace, under the great glass umbrella of a Victorian skylight. Sitting in the shade of delicate Japanese elms that bloom in pots, San Franciscans dawdle away the noon hour picking at oysters Romanoff (with caviar), *oeufs à la tripe* and Chef Lucien's original Palace Court salad, which comes in four delicious flavors, crab, chicken, shrimp and tuna.

When night falls, there is Ernie's with its red damask walls, its bar that was shipped around the Horn, and its impeccable cuisine. Two can dine for $20 at Amelio's, which serves asparagus the year round, specializes in disjointed chicken browned in butter with artichokes and zucchini and prepares game and fish for any sportsman who



brings it around to be cooked. Two dollars per person, you bring the duck. In the same bracket is the Blue Fox across the street from the jail and the morgue, once a speakeasy called The Philosophers. It offers porterhouse for two at $12, cracked crab in season, and a delicate cold veal with sour cream sauce.

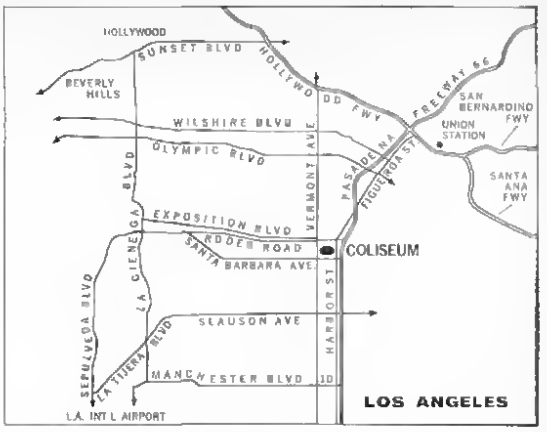
Kan's in Chinatown will, on prior notice, put up Peking duck and thousand-layer buns and winter melon soup served in the melon. Dried duck's feet and dried fish stomachs adorn the Chinatown windows, and for anybody on hand Sunday morning the Hang Ah Tea House puts up a dandy brunch à la Hong Kong.

At India House, an upholstered black hole redolent of Calcutta, you can munch on unleavened popadams and ancient dried fish called Bombay duck while sipping Pimm's Cups, available in all the numbers from one to four. There are 10 curries to choose from, all of them dispensed by Pakistani or Indian waiters wearing jinnah caps or turbans. By day they attend school at the University of California.

The Old Spaghetti Factory Café and Excelsior Coffee House, housed in an old spaghetti factory now painted pink, offers spaghetti dinners, a running little revue and steam beer, which is not carbonated but naturally fermented, like champagne, only cheaper. Candles flicker on poles, a piano flickers in a corner and customers inhale Spanish coffee at Barnaby Conrad's Matador. The beards gather to think and drink at the Co-Existence Bagel Shop, where bagels anchor the light cords. It's in North Beach alongside the Panama Canal Tagliarini, Noodle and Ravioli Factories.

Everybody seems to end up at David's, a delicatessen run by an all-night owl named David who still wears the tattoo of Sachsenhausen on his arm. The delight is a pastry called, by everybody except the proprietor, pig's ears. "Please," says David. "We don't serve pig's ears here. Palm leaves, angel's wings, but not pig's ears."

In spite of the imposing roster of restaurants which San Francisco presents, the people of Los Angeles insist they eat as well, in as many interesting towers of the *haute cuisine*. For pure elegance they point to Perino's, an oval room in which the practitioners of the *haut monde* and the *haut* expense account lounge on divans while being served an eminent menu, conservative choices from which will run up the bill to about $10 per diner. The Escoffier Room at the Beverly Hilton, which would tell the diner no prices when the room first opened, has modified this noble policy and not only agrees now to tell the guest what he is in for but has dropped the prices somewhat. It helps digestion. The menu, embossed with a gold wax seal and strung with a purple ribbon, offers pure French cuisine, with entrées in the $6-to-$7.50 class. A half cup of coffee costs 50¢. Downstairs the first of Trader Vic's branches, others of which will be set up in Hilton hotels in Havana and New York, cooks Polynesian, Chinese and Korean concoctions over orangewood in a pair of black tubs sealed inside a huge glass box.



On Sunset Boulevard, known also as The Strip, you might squeak out of La Rue for $10 per person, but the choice dishes (*le poulet de grain en casserole* and *la poularde de choix Suvaroff*) are in the $12-to-$16 bracket before you've even ordered chopped liver ($2). Scandia has opened a huge new Danish barn on The Strip where one can immerse oneself in a deep pile of leather and squint in the dark, near-indecent lighting at murals of Nyhavn, Tivoli and other trademarks of the Danish homeland. Nor is one's vision likely to be improved by the akvavit.

Since stargazing is hardly likely to be dislodged by baseball as one of Hollywood's favorite sports, it ought to be mentioned that Chasen's, a noisy paneled establishment, and Romanoff's, a tony nook in Beverly Hills, around the corner from the Beverly Wilshire, are the best-known hangars where astral bodies park. Strange to say, L.A. also has a number of intimate *boîtes* that are neither chain operations nor display cases for stars. One is Villa Nova, a place so dark, so full of cubbyholes that it is not merely a celebrity-starer's nightmare, it is also, for the waiters, a sort of hide-and-seek with dishes. But the menu is extraordinary north Italian and sometimes carries such items as Belgian hare sauté with green olives, Italian herbs and dry white wine. Frascati's in Beverly Hills, run by Belgians, is the closest thing to a Gallic bistro this side of Le Havre, yet it is just up the road from Romanoff's and across the street from the ancient Beverly Wilshire.

Like many a fading Hollywood star of the same era (it was built in 1921), the Beverly Wilshire is now being overhauled. Pink and blue umbrellas and pink and blue cabanas surround its pool now, and lanai suites are being built on what was once just a gritty courtyard, but the hotel still has memories that go back to Jimmy Walker, who set up headquarters in the place when he arrived to try to spring Tom Mooney, and to Mussolini, who frantically telephoned his son there, long distance from Rome. Hecht, Hill and Lancaster are just across the street, and that makes it handy for their visiting properties, and Abe Lastfogel's permanent presence insures visits from the stable of William Morris talent. Only the other day Elvis caused a riot in the garage when a gang of local girls staged a sitdown strike in front of his car.

Despite such lapses of order as Elvis' presence might induce, Beverly Hills, after dark, is run like a tight police state. An Easterner staying at the Beverly Hills Hotel last year who decided to take a stroll after dinner one evening and didn't know the ground rules reported being picked up by a squad car and returned forthwith to his hotel. No prowling after dark, the cops told him. But don't get me wrong. I love Hollywood. So do San Franciscans. They like it right where it is. Says Herb Caen, the *San Francisco Chronicle*'s bard of the bay, "Isn't it nice that the kind of people who prefer L.A. to San Francisco live there?"

Up on Coogan's Bluff, that's what they used to say about Flatbush. **END**

O'MALLEY AND THE ANGELS

by ROBERT SHAPLEN

Heaven beckoned, and Walter went—and then the celestial roof fell in. Here is the intimate story of how the Dodgers' owner is really faring in the city of his dreams

WALTER FRANCIS O'MALLEY sat in his 12th floor suite at the Hotel Statler in Los Angeles surrounded by all the props that have made him a man of many parts and means. His eye, peering through the cigar smoke and out the studio window, could behold a sizable portion of the city he had come to conquer. Around him, on various tables and on the floor, lay maps and plans galore of baseball or would-be-baseball parks. Legal documents were strewn among them, as well as contract forms for everything from radio broadcasting to souvenir concessions. The telephone, answered by his pretty 23-year-old daughter Terry, rang constantly, and in and out of the room poured a steady stream of engineers and lawyers, politicians and negotiators, and every now and then a forlorn or harassed Dodger executive. For those visitors who needed sustenance—and there were few who did not—a couple of bottles stood on a corner table. The joint was as busy as Ebbets Field used to be during a Sunday double-header with the Giants, but the tension was of a different sort, for the Dodgers were all dressed up with no place to go.

The time was early January. Since then, O'Malley has found a roost, at least temporarily, in the huge Los Angeles Coliseum, where his team will play this season and next. But the hilarity, confusion and, at times, outright bitterness that have marked the transfer from Brooklyn to Los Angeles have continued, and are bound to continue. The touring O'Malleys undoubtedly will make more money this year than any team in the history of the National League—but whether their feature attraction will be baseball or a variety of three-cushion billiards in the Coliseum as the balls carom off the short new left-field fence is a matter of debate. And how long will it be before the Dodgers can finally rest their weary bats in a permanent rack of their own?

No one person can answer that question. There was a time when O'Malley thought he could; but he can no longer. There was a time when certain persons in Los Angeles thought *they* could; but now the entire sprawling metropolis, 5.5 million people, will have to have their say in it, in the form of the famous—or infamous, depending on how you look at it—referendum which will decide on June 3 whether or not the Dodgers can take possession of the acreage O'Malley thought he had sewed up in Chavez Ravine.

But looking at and listening to O'Malley in his lofty command post, no one would ever suspect that things had not gone precisely according to the schedule which the Dodger owner, in his own infinite widsom, had so carefully mapped out nine months before. "Don't worry about it," he said, and it was obvious that as far as he is concerned all was well and will be well in the best of all possible West Coast worlds. "Don't worry about 'em," he repeated, when reminded about the taxpayers' suits that have been filed in opposition to his Chavez Ravine project, and the other injunctions and actions that have been threatened. "Take my word for it, don't worry. It took 12 years to settle all the suits against Ebbets Field when that opened up, and the Dodgers played ball there just the same. We'll be in the Coli-



IT'S BREAD THAT O'MALLEY'S EATING, BUT HE IS SURE HE WILL GET THE BUTTER TOO

seum or the Rose Bowl for two years and two years only, and I'm not interested right now in anything but that Chavez Ravine."

There is, of course, some justification for O'Malley's optimism. Despite the fact that he personally has been slowed down for the first time in years by a broken ankle suffered in a recent hunting accident and a minor operation that hospitalized him for a few days, his major operations are proceeding apace. Construction gangs are already at work at the far end of the Coliseum, installing seats and adjusting that left-field fence; West Coast dollars are pouring in at a record clip; and other projects, such as lucrative long-term broadcast rights and pay TV, are cooking nicely on the front burner, ready for serving in 1959 if not this year. And if his $10 million "dream stadium" still exists only on the drawing boards, it is nonetheless real in O'Malley's luminous, projective mind. He can almost hear the turnstiles merrily clicking, as he says they surely will be by the start of the 1960 season.

EVEN though O'Malley's rosy views are not altogether shared, and even if he occasionally has some private doubts, he acts like a man in complete control of the situation. Dressed in his brown and black sports jacket, sports shirt and shiny gray slacks (he has adopted California dress but somehow still looks as if he came from Brooklyn and should have stayed—or stood—there) he waved his freshly lit cigar like a confident orchestra leader's baton at the various people who popped in and out of the room. For my benefit, he waved it at a vase of beautiful hybrid orchids on the window sill: "Now there's a nice thing. A banker we met out here sent those over to us. He knew we raised 'em back home."

"Home" still means Brooklyn, and O'Malley confessed to nostalgia when I asked how he felt about leaving the old place. "We have our friends there, our roots," he said. "I hate not being able to go to the Bedford Club whenever I feel like it. It's the oldest baseball club in existence. Why, it's a fabulous place. . . . Only 60 members allowed. The Bedford Club was playing ball a generation before the National League was born. . . ."

O'Malley's brother-in-law Henry Walsh, who is the Dodger attorney and one of his most trusted assistants, came into the hotel room, looking harried. He had been spending the week dashing around town trying to unravel the legal knots of a move into the Rose Bowl, which seemed like a possibility just then. Now he sadly nibbled a bag of salted nuts. "It's my lunch," he explained. "I've got to run back to Pasadena. More conferences." O'Malley smiled benevolently.

An hour or so later O'Malley himself was out at the Rose Bowl, pensively poking around in its cavernous emptiness with Warren Giles, the National League president. As I watched him, there was something at once ludicrous and pathetic about the big man with the big cigar as he wandered about in the shadow of the silent stands, trying to figure out where true north lay and how much concrete he would have to carve out if he built a diamond there. He looked more like a former tackle haunting the scene of collegiate triumphs than a baseball executive. Giles, who had come out to Los Angeles to help O'Malley reach a decision, completed the pigskin picture by dropping into a football crouch and signal-chattering himself into an off-tackle slant.

The affair of the Rose Bowl was to terminate some days later, but it still serves as an excellent example of the type of maneuver in which O'Malley constantly found himself engaged in his developing campaign to get some piece of real estate in or near Los Angeles on which his team could play. It now seems reasonable to doubt that he ever had any serious intentions of actually converting the bowl to baseball—the $850,000 price tag on the remodeling job alone would have been enough to make its value questionable—but it served a purpose: namely, to persuade the reluctant members of the Coliseum commission to give the Dodgers a home. At the same time, the threat of going to Pasadena was designed to persuade the Los Angeles electorate that the Dodgers might leave town after all if they are not voted into Chavez Ravine in June.

continued

How had all this happened, I wondered? How was it that Walter O'Malley, a freewheeling operator ever since his college days (he was president of both his junior and senior class at Penn and winner of the Spoon award, one of the highest honors that the university gives its students), a man who has known nothing but success in an extremely varied and challenging business career, was reduced to playing one college football field off against another in the effort to find a baseball diamond where his team could play? Had O'Malley, the big-time wheeler-dealer, finally outsmarted himself, or was he outsmarted? What really has happened in that hectic year since he first cast his eyes beyond the rooftops of Flatbush to the distant shore of the Pacific?

PART of the answer lies in the peculiar character of Los Angeles. More a conglomeration of communities than a metropolis, it can be as uninterested in many of its civic affairs (a poll taken a couple of years ago revealed that only two out of five citizens knew the name of their mayor, to which a prominent local journalist said: "Why should they?") as it can become unpredictably and chauvinistically passionate about others. For a variety of reasons, chief among them some of the worst public relations in the history of that profession, Los Angeles became not only passionate but confused about O'Malley and his designs on Chavez Ravine.

The West Coast wooing of Walter O'Malley began a year ago, in March 1957, when Los Angeles Mayor Norris Poulson flew to Vero Beach, the Dodgers' Florida training camp. Poulson, a politician with bold ambitions in the true California style, came with inflated promises of gold, glory and, as it turned *out, goat hills,* for he first talked of 650 acres of land being available in or around Chavez Ravine. He promised them to O'Malley with no strings attached and also pledged peace and happiness for the Dodgers in the vast if muggy bottoms of the Coliseum while O'Malley's dream park was abuilding in the Ravine. It all must have sounded wonderful to O'Malley, who had just bought the Los Angeles franchise of Philip K. Wrigley and was now confronted with the prospect of a really major league strike in the California hills. In May, following the further entreaties of Mayor Poulson, he flew to the Coast to look the situation over in detail.

He liked what he saw and said so. "Things are moving very rapidly and intelligently in Los Angeles," he told a congressional committee which, in the course of an investigation of baseball as a monopoly, was questioning him on his plans for the Dodgers. "This is not playing one city against another. . . . People negotiate with me better when they believe me, and I told them [in Los Angeles] I thought the jig was up in Brooklyn, and they are picking up and doing some pretty smart work out there right now."

O'Malley's motivations in the matter, even then, were fairly obvious. His record as a businessman is that of a man who has never been satisfied with the status *quo,* however profitable, but who, on the contrary, has seized with gusto any opportunity for growth, expansion and the excitement that goes with challenge. Baseball is no exception; it is simply a happy circumstance that the business of baseball combines his favorite game with his favorite occupation.

He explained it himself as we rode back from the Rose Bowl that afternoon. "It's a virus, my boy," he said, peering intently at me from under his beetled brows. "Baseball is in my Irish bloodstream and I revel in it. Dr. Salk hasn't found a vaccine for it yet, and I'm glad.

"Why am I in baseball?" he went on rhetorically. There was a prescient pause. "I've been crazy about it since I was a kid. I used to walk along a railroad trestle, up at Morrisania, with an uncle of mine, Clarence Feltner, to watch the Giants. We lived in The Bronx then and the Giants were my team"—Dodger fans today, excoriating O'Malley for traitorously shifting his franchise clear across the country, can point to an earlier treachery when he traded 10 Sweet Caporal pictures of Dodger players for one of Christy Mathewson—"and the most wonderful guy in the world was Eddie Brannick. Eddie was terrific to us kids. He'd see we got a seat if we got into the park—and there were ways. Ho, ho, there were ways."

Ho, ho, I thought, we were coming closer to the nature of the virus. O'Malley's father, a prosperous dry-goods merchant, could easily have bought his son a box seat for the season any time he asked for it. O'Malley grew up with money and has consistently dealt with it in large, healthy chunks. From the time he first started out in business for himself as an engineering contractor (he was finishing his law studies at night school in Fordham at the time) he has never stopped making his own pile of it; and his methods have been as varied as his success has been considerable. He has made money as an engineer, lawyer, publisher (of a builders' legal guide and a subcontractors' register, which is now a standard work), concessionaire (as owner of the New York Subways Advertising Company) and even, in his capacity as an expert on mortgages, in the banking business. It was this last which led him, through a truly labyrinthian series of byways, to acquisition of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and his success with them was characteristic: after Larry MacPhail had changed the Dodgers from a comic-relief team into a pennant winner, O'Malley, with Branch Rickey's help, developed them into one of the game's most profitable organizations. A decade later, about as big as he could get in Brooklyn, O'Malley's eye began to rove far beyond the short fences of little Ebbets Field.

WHEN we got back to his Statler suite he stepped to the window and looked out over the smog-shrouded city to which he had turned with such high hopes. "I'm not satisfied just to be running a ball club," he said, continuing his explanation of how various is his affection for the game. "I want to be with a winner. It's not a matter of jealousy. I'm not jealous of Lou Perini and the Braves, but there's an economic rule at stake. If we had continued to draw around a million attendance back in Brooklyn while the Braves drew more than 2 million in Milwaukee, they'd have the advantage over us and every team in the league. They'd have better scouts, better players, pay bigger bonuses—you'd see it work right down the line. It's as certain as a lab experiment. Better tools lead to better products."

The tools O'Malley has thought most about are a new ball park built with private capital, which has been his goal and dream for 10 years, and the astronomical potential profits of pay TV. "We're way behind in baseball," he said, as he showed me the several maps of stadiums scattered on his command post floor. "Race tracks are way ahead of us in imagination, planning, showmanship. Why,

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Santa Anita has only 25,000 grandstand seats, but it has room for 30,000 cars. Why should baseball fans be treated any less advantageously? Why shouldn't they have good restaurants and other services? Baseball is the same old show in dull, drab-green parks. Even the outdoor theaters are ahead of us. . . ."

O'Malley's answer to the race tracks is well known: an all-weather stadium, preferably with a translucent plastic roof; escalators to all sections; restaurant facilities so that fans can enjoy a pleasant dinner before night games; extensive parking facilities both under and above ground. There are certainly few who would argue the desirability of such an establishment. In New York, unfortunately for all the Dodger fans who wanted the team to stay there, the problem was to get the city and O'Malley together on a suitable location, and when a deal for the one site he wanted fell through, he began to want out. In Los Angeles, on the other hand, an altogether different situation has arisen. A site no one wanted, and that seemed to be available for O'Malley, suddenly became highly coveted the moment he was given it. Why? Because it became involved with two things about which Los Angeles can wax highly emotional: the price and purpose of real estate, and oil.

The new contentious area, Chavez Ravine, is a large, hilly tract advantageously situated close to downtown Los Angeles. It is a sprawling, unkempt area that has been used principally for a police academy, an unofficial city dump and, in its few choicer spots, a spooning grounds. Part of it has been in the city's name under a Spanish land grant that goes back to 1781. Its few residents have been poor families, Mexicans for the most part, who from time to time have built shacks there. But most Angelenos didn't even know where it was or how big it was (O'Malley and his daughter had to buy a $2.50 detail map when they first wanted to approach and survey it), and until Mayor Poulson offered the Ravine virtually rat, shack and goat hill to the Dodgers most Angelenos didn't care.

The mayor's right to make the offer in the first place was one of the matters that quickly came under discussion. Under the terms of a complicated deal between the Los Angeles Housing Authority, the city and the Federal Government in Washington, the city had reacquired 160 acres of the Ravine earmarked a few years ago for a public housing project—with the stipulation that the land could be used only for a public purpose. O'Malley was offered the property in a deal that would not only turn it over to him for private use but at a price amounting to a very reasonable $6,700 an acre, according to the city's own assessment figures.

This alone was enough to rouse resentment in Los Angeles real estate circles, and among those who favor



HAPPY MAYOR POULSON GREETS FRIEND

public housing over baseball. But then came the disturbing question of oil. Los Angeles is as oil-happy as any Texas hamlet. Indeed, there are those who firmly believe that the city is floating on a vast sea of oil. And oil *has* been found in the vicinity of the Chavez Ravine—some two dozen wells have been drilled since 1900 and a few of them are still producing nearby, although their output has gone down from a former high of 500 barrels a day to a mere four or five. Furthermore, the quality is poor; one official city estimate sets the total value of oil in the entire 315 acres of the Ravine that O'Malley is now supposed to get at a piddling $12,500. Nonetheless, some prominent oilmen still insist that deeper down, below the sand area explored so far, there is good-quality oil "worth millions."

One of the most aggressive of these optimists is J. A. Smith, who is also part owner of the San Diego Padres of the Pacific Coast League and as such is less than enthusiastic about the West Coast invasion by major league baseball. "That property," Smith says, "is worth $25 million and I don't want it turned over to O'Malley for a goddam ball park." He cited other nearby acreages that had fetched as much as $400,000 per acre from oil companies and added: "O'Malley was just naive enough to believe what these nitwit politicians told him. He's a lawyer and a businessman himself, and he should have more sense."

Smith also has raised another bugaboo—the question of what, besides a ball park, O'Malley might build in Chavez Ravine. "I know what he's got in mind," he said. "He wants to put in motels and bars and restaurants along with baseball. Let's hear him say no."

Such charges paved the way for the accusations of "land grab!" which faced O'Malley when, with the Dodgers' move official, he settled down in Los Angeles to get to work on his dream project. The secrecy of his negotiations, of course, did nothing to help matters. O'Malley kept his plans to himself; as long as the Dodgers were still in Ebbets Field, he wanted to keep the customers coming. But he seems to have been singularly unaware of the ground swell of public opinion that was building up against him out on the Coast, and when Los Angeles, in the person of Harold McClellan, a former Assistant Secretary of Commerce who was appointed the city's official negotiator, began to whittle away large chunks of Mayor Poulson's original generous offer, O'Malley had reason to be hurt and surprised. The fact that McClellan was an old friend made the matter if anything more painful to both men.

"I did not seek this land," he explained to me earnestly as we reviewed the sequence of events in his hotel suite. "It was offered to me. It's been there since God created the earth, and now I learn it's been controversial for years.

"Had Mr. Wrigley told me when I bought Wrigley Field that it was customary out here to reserve oil rights, I would have acted differently. But he didn't. When we started talking about Chavez Ravine I didn't know there might be oil there. When they brought it up, I bristled at the

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idea of renegotiation, but I waived the rights, didn't I?"

O'Malley did waive them, but only after long negotiations with McClellan, more secrecy and more extremely poor public relations. McClellan had the onerous job of lowering the city's ante from Poulson's promise of everything in, on or under Chavez Ravine to the current arrangement whereby O'Malley, in return for giving the city Wrigley Field, worth $1.5 million, gets 315 acres of land worth $2 million—a far cry from the 650 Poulson originally mentioned. At the moment the city owns only 185 acres of this, but has promised to "use its best efforts to acquire the rest." It has also agreed to spend $2 million in preliminary grading, and, in a separate transaction, the county has pledged $2.7 million of its gas tax funds to build access routes. O'Malley, for his part, agreed to set aside 40 acres and $500,000 for public recreational facilities and to support such activities at the rate of $60,000 a year for 20 years, after which title to the 40 acres reverts to him. He also promised to build a stadium seating at least 50,000 which, according to his figure, will cost $10 million, although no specific cost appears in the ordinance.

The mineral and oil rights, which O'Malley finally waived *in toto*, are to be used by the city in conjunction with O'Malley for "the youth program of the ball club," a concept still as vague as it sounds.

As we spoke, the door of the suite was nudged open and in came McClellan himself, a tall, bespectacled, efficient-looking man. O'Malley waved him to a seat, and he and McClellan pulled up a large map of Chavez Ravine.

"They say I've got all that acreage," O'Malley said, running his finger over the simulated terrain and then readdressing me, "but what d'you think I come up with out of 300 acres when it's all leveled and finished? Just 98 acres, that's all. I've got to give up those 40 for recreation and another 15 or so to shore up the reservoir. I'll have enough left to park 17,000 cars, but five years from now, when I need more parking space, I'll have to pay through the nose to buy more land."

The waving cigar designated a Ravine hill. "Not even a self-respecting goat would climb up there," O'Malley said.

McClellan took some papers from his briefcase, gave them to O'Malley and said he had to go but would be back later. O'Malley asked him, as a favor, to explain to someone on the Coliseum commission why, "because of the delicate situation, it would be unwise for me to see him right now." McClellan said he'd take care of it.

"We've got to keep baseball out of politics and the damn politicians out of baseball," O'Malley said, with emphasis. "We've got to get a place to play, quick."

On his way out, McClellan turned and said, "Everybody says fine things about the way you're handling yourself."

"That's nice," said O'Malley, "but I'm not getting anywhere."

"You will, you will," McClellan replied. "I know this town. I've never before been ashamed of my city," he added in a low voice, "but I am now."

After McClellan had gone, O'Malley said, half to himself, "I want to know why people are against me. . . ." Then, turning back to me, "Baseball is a democratic game. I have to recognize what's happening out here as a democratic process. I can't say I'm not disappointed, but I've got to take it now. Let's hope and expect the referendum vote will be overwhelmingly in our favor, so there'll be no question of Los Angeles keeping its agreement."

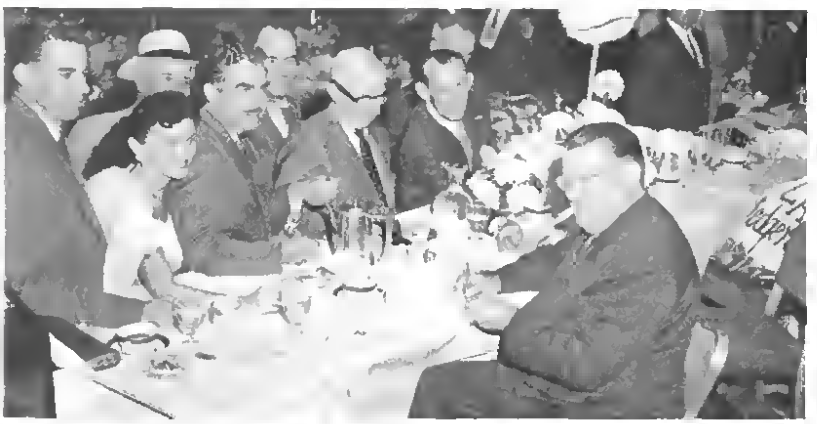
THE referendum, the sword of Damocles that still hangs over O'Malley's head and could nullify or stall for years his entire Los Angeles project, was forced through by the Citizens Committee to Save Chavez Ravine for the People, a title calculated to stoke the fires of righteousness in every true Los Angeles heart regardless of political creed or station. Financed by Smith and some other oilmen, the CCSCRP indeed comprises today an odd alliance of rich adventurers and poor householders against a combination of City Hall, downtown businessmen (who visualize millions of new dollars flowing into the city in the Dodgers' wake) and major newspapers—namely the Los Angeles *Times*, published by Norman Chandler, chief spokesman for the downtown interests, and the *Examiner*, a Hearst paper. With the support of a score or more community newspapers and some television announcers who, like the theater owners, are against O'Malley's pay-TV schemes (these, incidentally, will also be on the referendum, since pay TV would involve the use of city phone lines) and with the help of a professional signature collector, O'Malley's opposition collected slightly more than the 52,000 signatures necessary to put the referendum through. There is strong evidence that many people were not quite sure what they were signing, and that a fair number who did were led to believe they were petitioning to bring the Dodgers to town, or were opposing vice, which may or may not be synonymous.

The consensus is that O'Malley will win the June 3 referendum, if only by a narrow margin; but his troubles do not end there. Los Angeles still has to proceed against an indeterminate number of property owners in order to acquire an additional 115 acres promised to O'Malley over and above what it now owns. Then there are the present two taxpayers' suits, one of which maintains that the Los Angeles Housing Authority had no right to waive the "for public use only" clause in the deed whereby the city reacquired Chavez Ravine after the abortive public housing deal, and the other of which maintains that the document between O'Malley and Los Angeles is too broad and loose and that there is no justification in the first place for trading 10 acres of Wrigley Field for 315 acres of the Ravine.

A joint hearing of these two suits is scheduled for April 28, and the plaintiffs and the city alike will press for a quick solution. At best, however, considering probable appeals by the losing side, the cases are apt to drag on for a year or two. Thus, even if O'Malley wins the referendum and starts building at once, as he says he will, he will be taking a calculated risk. As Roger Arnebergh, the able city attorney, put it: "O'Malley would still be proceeding at his peril, with all the uncertainties assumed by him."

While all these troublesome questions hang over the land of his dreams like an extra load of smog, O'Malley plays his role of the unwanted waif with humor and aplomb, exploiting its potentialities to the fullest. A few days earlier, for example, at a baseball dinner given by the Westwood Shrine Club for Milwaukee's manager, Fred Haney, he had been the real center of attraction—and he had known it. To Casey Stengel's hard-wink, rough-show, chin-up greeting, he had responded with a long mock sigh. "It's

murder, all right," he had said, and when Leo Durocher kidded him about not going to Minneapolis-St. Paul but to Los Angeles instead, he had commented about all the fuss he has created by saying, "It's a good thing I'm not being held responsible for the sputniks, too." Munching peanuts and crackerjack, he had heard references to "Manischewitz Ravine" and "that place nobody ever heard of that sounds like a Mexican boxer." When he had got up to speak, he prefaced his remarks with the words: "It's good to see all these customers in this glorious coliseum" (the dinner was held at the Beverly Hilton) and when he had sat down, picking up a remark by a previous speaker that Fred Haney, along with other virtues, had a fine wife to go home to, he had fixed his friend Fred with a sour Brooklyn eye and wailed: "The only difference between you and me is—you've got a home to go to!"



LOS ANGELES TURNS ON THE CHARM AT AN EARLY "WELCOME DODGERS" LUNCHEON

Now, however, up in his hotel suite as our talk drew to a close, he was still serious, occasionally reflective, about his plans. Of his dream stadium he said: "I think it's rather significant that in this era of socialism and government effort there is someone who wants to put up the first new ball park with his own funds since the Yankee Stadium was built with baseball dollars in 1923. I think it's a rather refreshing idea at a time when everyone expects the taxpayer to take the rap.

"As for this pay-TV business, 15 years' experience shows that the total sum of lowering attendance plus radio and TV income is equal to less than higher attendance and radio were before there was any TV. It simply proves that the deficit is due entirely to attendance figures. Free TV has never made up that deficit.

"That brings us to some sort of conclusion—that free TV is not helping but hurting our economic position, even if we earn $750,000 a year from it. I'm not at all sure that the real baseball fan resents a modest price for subscription TV, free of commercials. I had hundreds of fans back in Brooklyn apologizing for not supporting the team in the park because they couldn't get there, but some of those same fans were more than willing to pay something to watch the games on TV. It's the real absentee fan, the one who doesn't pay for anything, who can cost us a championship. Out here in California, where they measure everything in terms of minutes and not miles, I think the fans can eventually support four major league teams. They're more sports-starved here than anywhere in the country. Folks will always come out in person if it's made convenient and pleasant for them. They'll come in buses from 100 miles away."

O'Malley again brandished the cigar, then quickly added, realizing his main point was getting away: "At the same time, I think subscription TV will offer a solution to the problems that are plaguing many major sports. Why, if I were younger, I'd love to roll up my sleeves and go to work with Matty Fox on this thing. He's terrific!"

Matthew Fox is the almost legendary entrepreneur who is now the head of Skiatron, the company probably farthest along in developing subscription TV. O'Malley has denied reports that the Dodgers have already received a substantial payment of $1 million or more from Skiatron, but he did sign what he variously termed a "pilot" contract, a "standard form" contract, an "escrow" contract (in any event, a nonoperative agreement, in effect a blueprint contract) with Fox last spring, which he tore up before he testified in Congress because, as he typically explained, "I didn't want to continue my negotiations in a fish bowl." He announced at the time, however, that he would renegotiate as soon as possible and allowed as how he'd love to own some Skiatron stock someday.

The reasons are pretty obvious. At the $1-a-game-a-set figure O'Malley has sometimes projected, with the Dodgers getting a third of the returns, Skiatron a third and the licensee a third, as stipulated in the basic contract form, the income for all concerned could indeed be tremendous. If, say, 250,000 sets are turned on for an average game at $1 a crack (and that projected audience figure is not high) the Dodgers would take in $83,000, of which a fourth would go to the visiting club. Multiply that by 77 home games and you get well over $4.5 million—just for TV. Even at 50¢ per set, it's easy to see what a Golconda pay TV could become.

O'Malley may well have been pondering these profits as he mentioned Matty Fox, for he remained silent a moment. His reverie was interrupted by another ringing of the phone. It was an advertising man wanting to discuss the much narrower problem of finding a sponsor for the pregame radio broadcasts this season, during which, for the logical reason that it wouldn't be a good idea to offer the fans free TV with subscription TV just around the corner, there will be no baseball telecasts of Dodger games.

O'Malley boomed into the receiver, "I don't think we ought to have any delay. Out here they hardly care what you do with a program, they just want to be connected. We got a root beer man that could be tied up with a kid show."

All in all, it may safely be said that for all the trouble he has had and is still likely to have, O'Malley's West Coast gamble is working out—as he was always sure it would. The Coliseum, which he finally settled on as the Dodgers' home for the next two years, may not be the ideal place for a baseball game, but there will still be plenty of people to come watch the Dodgers, and that's what counts first with their owner. And though he

continued



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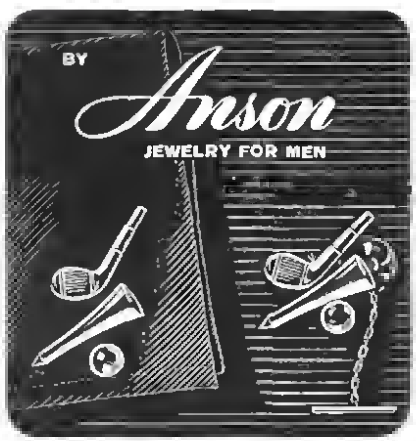
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won't get any TV revenue this year, or parking revenue from the 6,000 cars that can be crowded around the field, he will still reap $400,000 from concessions in the park (he offered to pay $50,000 extra for the right to sell beer, but was turned down). Dollar-conscious as he is, O'Malley surely never figured on losing money in Los Angeles, and if he isn't going to make as much right away as he hoped—well, he can wait.

And, of course, if baseball is fun for him, as he says it is, it is because



HOME SAFE, O'MALLEY EYES COLISEUM

business is fun for him. "I've never worked harder in my life than I'm working now," he told me as I left his Statler aerie, "but I have no regrets. I like a fight. I like a challenge, and I think things out here are going to work out well and then I'll be able to relax. At least," he added, "until I find some other mess to get into."

It was as blunt and forthright a thing as O'Malley has ever said—and as true. By this time Los Angeles knows it, too, and his past proclivity for getting what he wants is a point in his favor in his march toward his final goal of Chavez Ravine and the dream park. And Angelenos probably know also what one of his reluctant admirers recently said: "In any given situation, you can be sure that Walter O'Malley not only knows what side his bread is buttered on, but that he'll also own a piece of the bread and a pound of the butter." **END**

19TH HOLE *The Readers Take Over*

THE HOUSE THE AMATEURS BUILT

Sirs:

Your editorial *Contamination or Competition?* (SI, March 3) deserves some reply. In Los Angeles professional athletics is driving amateur athletics into oblivion.

The league I serve as secretary produced two Olympic champions Parry O'Brien and Charles Dumas. We have had athletes in the Olympics since 1914.

We have had the finest track and field program in the world right here. The center of the program has been the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum—in 1932 we were proud to call it the Olympic Stadium.

What do we find now?

All track and field events are eliminated to accommodate the Brooklyn Dodgers One track meet, the Coliseum Relays, will be run on grass. State track meets and city track meets for high school boys and several intercollegiate meets have had to find other locations.

Remember, the Coliseum is debt-free, owned by the State of California and had revenue in excess of half a million dollars before the Dodgers entered the picture. This income came largely from UCLA, USC and the pro football Rams

I think athletics is reaching a low point when we put the profit motive and the entertainment of adults ahead of the development of youth—particularly when we permit public facilities to be used to do the job

W J WORTHINGTON
Bay League Athletic Council
Inglewood, Calif.

TENNIS REVOLUTION (CONT.)

Sirs.

If you want to raise the cry of "revolution" (*Comes the Tennis Revolution*, SI, Feb. 24, E&D, March 10), Jack Kramer is your level-headed leader. By destroying sundry Davis Cup teams, he has laid the groundwork for what is to come open tennis.

I have never understood the USLTA and its hidebound procedures, and although born and bred in the East I have never supported the old lawn-tennis-for-lad vs-and-gents attitude. As chairman of the tournament committee, I have been forced to pay off the "amateurs" according to their national ranking and know all about "expense" items. Mr Denny's semirealistic statement about the $15-per-diem situation seems a move in the proper direction Why not go all the way?

When tennis stopped being a sissy game it attracted rough, materialistic blood. The paradox lies in the fact that the USLTA essayed transfusions of the old thin stuff and, furthermore, made them stand up for generations. The kids snickered all the way to Cannes.

I just wish Billy Talbert would at last join up with Jack Kramer, thus putting two really great tennis minds on the same track Working with Perry Jones in whatever capacity seems best, they might build the game into a major sport in the country where it found its home.

WILLIAM R. COX
North Hollywood, Calif.

BROTHERHOOD OF THE PEACH BASKET

Sirs:

Vive le 1958 All-America college hoop quintet (*Saga of the Mustard Sandwich*, SI, March 17)! This year's starting five exemplifies the title in every sense of the word. The big five—Rodgers, Robertson, Boozer, Baylor and Chamberlain—have paved the way to one of the most exciting, unpredictable seasons in recent years.

I would venture to guess that Dr Naismith would be glowing if he knew that his historic peach basket has asserted itself as a front runner in the effort to annihilate racial discrimnation

JEFF SPRUNG
La Mesa, Calif.

THE BEAUTIFUL MULE (CONT.)

Sirs

The recent controversy in 19TH HOLE concerning the relative perspicacity of the horse and the mule impels me to send you the following verses:

I am a mule; a cross, of course,
Betwixt the donkey and the horse
And I contend that men have lied,
I have a double right to pride
On the maternal side, I trace
Descent from all the equine race;
Whereas, in the paternal line,
My lineage is asinine.

Sometimes I balk, sometimes I kick
To prove to men, whose skulls are thick,
That, in addition to horse sense,
Plus onager intelligence,
I have some wisdom of my own
Thus, though the fact is little known,
I have a pretty fair IQ,
Dear reader, very much like you.

HARVEY L. CARTER
Colorado Springs, Colo

• For him who little Latin has, *Equus onager* is an ass.—ED.

HOCKEY: ROUGH STUFF

Sirs:

After hearing about the robust style of hockey which the Czechs exhibited against the Russians at the recent world amateur championships (SI, March 17), I would like to ask the following question:

"How many checks could a good Czech chuck with no check on the checks a Czech could chuck?"

R. W. HOUNSELL
Greenwood, N S.

• As many as could
A good Canuck.—ED.

continued



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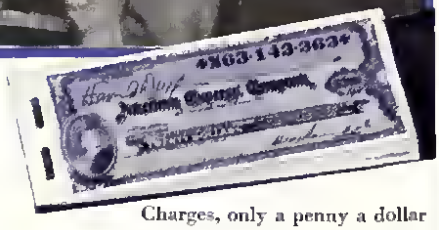
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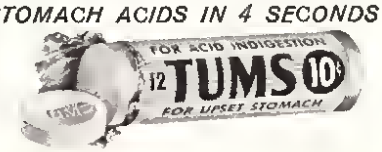
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HOCKEY: CANADIANS GO HOME

Sirs:

I read with great interest the article *They've Broken Up That Old Gang Out West* (SI, March 10). You say, "Thanks to Canada, western college hockey is tops. Even so, some Americans object." I am one of these objectors.

For over 10 years I have worked to develop hockey among young boys in this area. Many of our boys at the Greenwich Country Day School where I coach have gone on to prep school and college hockey, which is what most coaches in America want to see—American boys learning at a young age and going on to the collegiate ranks.

I visited Denver and Colorado Springs during the Christmas holidays and had the privilege of watching both the Denver and Colorado College teams. There is no question that they are outstanding teams which play a crowd-pleasing style of hockey. But to me this is of dubious value because the American boys haven't a chance to make the teams.

The Canadians have recognized these facts in their own professional football and have limited the number of Americans that each team can have. Even at the pro level they are interested in developing Canadian football players.

I would suggest that the WIHL, before it collapses completely, adopt a rule that would limit the number of Canadians on a team to about eight. Also I suggest that those involved review their purposes for having intercollegiate athletics. Let's see our American institutions help our boys to play this great game. If they do, perhaps in time some American boys will make the NHL.

JOHN M. CLEVELAND
Greenwich, Conn.

BASEBALL: BIRDIE AND LADY LUCK

Sirs:

Reds at the Crossroads (SI, March 10) quoted National League Baseball Manager Birdie Tebbetts as saying that his Cincinnati Redlegs lost 18 of 22 games with Milwaukee last season because of the Braves' "luck."

I would appreciate knowing Mr. Tebbetts' definition of luck, whereby one pennant contender can "annihilate" another pennant contender 18 out of 22 games. I was under the impression that such a record simply indicated that the winner had the better team. But then, alas, I am not a psychologist.

Taking into consideration Mr. Tebbetts' handling of his pitching rotation, I think he should consider *himself* lucky for managing to salvage those four games.

R. F. SCHWABENLENDER
Milwaukee

TENNIS: KRAMER REVEALED

Sirs:

I would like to compliment Dick Phelan on his fine article on Jack Kramer (SI, Feb. 24). Mr. Kramer's true personality has finally been revealed: he seems to be a little underhanded and a little bit of a self-lover, but he must also be credited

continued



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ROGER D. ROUILLER
Parkersburg, W. Va.

TENNIS: THE THINKER

Sirs:

Regarding the masked player, Mr. Nemesis, competing in the $15,000 world pro tennis championships in Cleveland next May (E&D, March 10), I have followed your advice "that Mr. March might help tennis much more if he slipped that sack over his own head and retired to a corner to rethink this whole thing out."

I have rethunk the whole thing out (*see below*) and am sticking to my decision: Mr. Nemesis will be in the tournament.

JACK MARCH
Cleveland



PROMOTER MARCH IN THOUGHT

LADY LUCK (CONT.)

Sirs:

A tumultuous applause to Tom O'Reilly and "*Lady Luck, I'm Ready!*" (SI, Feb. 17). The lad tearing up tote tickets is as much an American sports enthusiast as that hot-dog-eating feller at the ball park.

It's also about time that these millions of people, contributing to the largest spectator sport in America, were not referred to as if they were sinister characters, sneaking around quietly to avoid being investigated.

KENNETH R. ERNST
Cincinnati

Sirs:

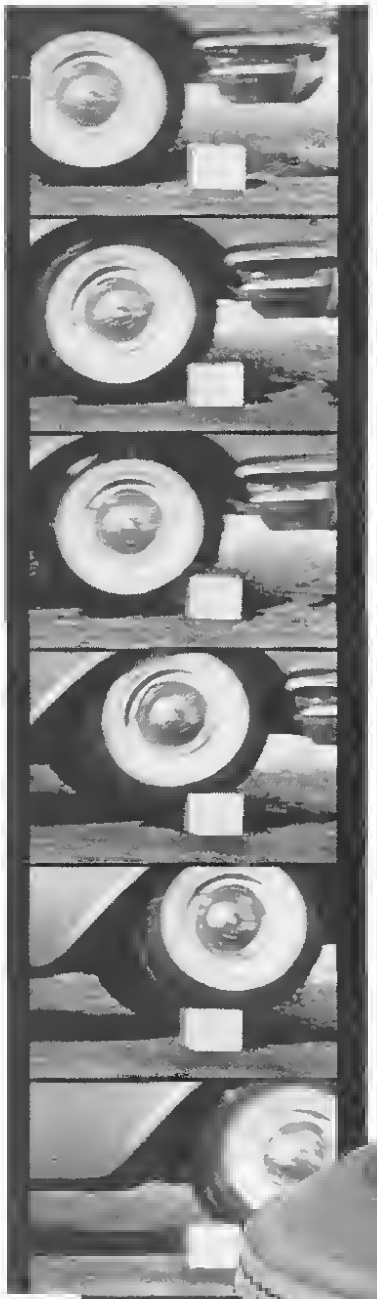
I am one of a number of people who find good fun and relaxation in "two-bucking" the races.

Racing needs no apologist. It is a great sport as is proven by the decades of malignation it has suffered.

Give us racing fans more O'Reillys on racing. He understands us and senses the humor in the momentary dejection that follows losers and surge of achievement and exhilaration that follows the occasional winner.

JAMES DORRIAN
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Mrs. Quarles, born Nona Cotton in New Orleans, has been active in sports all her life. At 12 she could swim three miles and do a swan dive from the high board, and she was driving a car when she was 13. Golf is her game now when she is not flying. After soloing for the first time last year she said: "Next to getting married or giving birth to a child, it was the greatest feeling in the world!"

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"The perfect flavor of Old Kentucky Tavern comes from many things . . . golden grain, clear limestone water, our special mash, and the loving care our people bring to the art of Bourbon making. But also of great importance is our 7 years of aging. It's Nature's ideal time for flavor. That's why you'll find our whiskey so remarkably mellow. It's timed to perfection."



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 100 PROOF BOTTLED-IN-BOND & 86 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., "Where Perfection of Product Is Tradition" LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY